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Cover: Elliott and Burleson ▶

Australia's Herb Elliott has given up his raw-out diet, but he still may be the world's best miler. Dwyer Burleson challenges that title this week at Modena. Turn to page 10.

Photographs by Jerry Cooke and Jan Bresnahan

Next week



▶ The warm story of Red Schoendienst's gallant battle against tuberculosis, a battle the second baseman would prefer to have people forget, is detailed by James Murray.

▶ Joining in the long and bitter naval battle between Pacific catamaran sailors and conservative yachtsmen in the West, Carleton Mitchell gives the nod to the cats.

▶ Coles Phinley discovers that while a duck may not be somebody's mother, some serious young scientists are trying hard to serve as mothers to a vast breed of ducklings.

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by TIME Inc., 540 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. This issue is published in national and regional editions. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Subscription: U.S. & Canada \$7.50 per year.



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MEMO from the publisher

IN the words of Cicero, "Nothing is harder to find than perfection," and in the words of Dante, "The more a thing is perfect, the more it feels pleasure."

Our editors may have had some such ancient wisdom in mind when they began the series of instructional articles which has been a continuing feature of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. They knew, of course, that mortals are unlikely to achieve absolute perfection in any endeavor. But they also knew that, in sport, mastery of the finer points is essential to the participant who would increase his joy in participation and to the spectator who would enhance his pleasure in watching. It was for the seeker of perfection, both as doer and watcher, that they devised the series, which has ranged from *How to Watch Football* (SI, Sept. 21) to *The Art of Well-Fisking* (March 28, et seq.). Now the articles, sport by sport, are to be gathered between the hard covers of separate volumes which, all together, will constitute **THE SPORTS ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY**. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company under the supervision of our editors, the Library, like the articles from which it derives, will combine the best experience of experts in their special fields with the best

illustrations of leading sports artists. The first one, *Sports Illustrated Book of Baseball* (\$2.75), was published this week. Other volumes, already in advanced stages of preparation and scheduled for publication later this year, include *Small Boat Sailing*, *Dog Training*, *Horseback Riding*, *Football*, *Skating* and *Tennis*.

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SCORECARD

Events and Discoveries of the Week

BELOW THE SUMMIT

Despite last week's explosion at the summit, athletic exchanges between the U.S. and Soviet Russia will not be affected unless diplomatic relations deteriorate further. That, at least, is the view of the AAU's Dan Ferris. Ferris does expect, however, that criticism, and plenty of it, will accompany the scheduled exchanges (Russian gymnasts to the U.S., an AAU basketball team to Russia). "There are always a lot of people," Ferris says, "who want us to steer clear of the Russians under any circumstances."

LUNCHING AT THE ASTOR

Two foreign horses were entertained at lunch at Manhattan's Astor Hotel last week. The lunch was a ballyhoo of a New York harness race track, and the honored guests were Caduceus (often called the New Zealand Wonder Horse, said the hosts) and Australia's Pettie (often called the Equine King of New South Wales, said the hosts). Lunch in the grand ballroom consisted mainly of roast beef for the people, and apples and carrots, served in a silver punch bowl, for the horses. When the horses were led in from a serving pantry, they were plainly frightened but maintained their composure, God bless their British upbringing.

Some people made speeches. One speaker said jovially that the owners of the New York track had discovered the down under horses in a manner comparable "to sending that V-2 [sic] over Russia." Some people left early. The horses, they had to stay to the end.

POISON IVY

The Boston Ivy ("tolerates trying conditions," said a horticultural sign on the lawn) was lush, green and growing fast on the walls of Kellogg Center at Michigan State University

last week. But inside Kellogg conference rooms Big Ten coaches, athletic directors and faculty representatives were deciding they'd had enough ivy to last a lifetime.

It had been just four years since the same groups, pressed by faculty unrest about football overemphasis, had approved programs designed quietly but inevitably to reduce the stature of Big Ten football.

Most notable changes: adoption of a plan for a round-robin schedule which by the late '60s would have each Big Ten team playing its nine fellow conference members every year; adoption of a scholarship program which restricted athletic aid to a "need" basis (i.e. to students who couldn't otherwise afford college).

Last week the Big Ten seemed to feel deemphasis had all been a horrible mistake. In two years the Big Ten lost more than 100 top football prospects to conferences which recruited under the more lenient NCAA scholarship regulations (even the Ivies could outbid the Big Ten), and it lost football games as well.

Urged on by coaches and athletic directors, the faculty representatives—who alone hold policy-making power—voted to:

1) Set a special summer meeting to reconsider (and likely abandon) the need program.

2) Consider a revision of the round-robin schedule plan (a revision that would kill it).

3) Reverse a stand of two months ago and allow Big Ten teams to play in the Rose Bowl.

Michigan's faculty representative, Law Professor Marcus L. Plant, summed up the major reason for the change in Big Ten attitude. "We felt in 1956 we could maintain the caliber of football under the need program," he said. "But competition from outside riders has showed us we could not." The Big Ten, in short, wants

to recruit by everybody else's rules once again and forget about the Ivy.

What the Big Ten couldn't decide at its three-day meeting was what to do about one member, Indiana, which got caught recruiting without any rules at all and was suspended for four years by the NCAA. Indiana's plump, personable coach, Phil ("I didn't offer a boy as much as a postage stamp") Dickens, whose job hangs in the balance, went home with a two-week reprieve.

Why was more time needed when the Big Ten office, with its access to 60 part-time investigators, had already spent half a year gumshoeing after the Hoosiers and now also had the NCAA report as well? The evidence, said Big Ten Commissioner Tug Wilson to the faculty representatives, is not yet complete.

THE LOST TOUCH



Ben Hogan has been going through agonies common to duffers and pros alike: his putting, never the best part of his game, has gone really awry. From tee to green, he is almost the Hogan of old (he hit 63 of the 72 greens at the recent Colonial Invitation in Fort Worth). But once within holiest, all is lost. Something else is lost, too—witness this locker-room conversation between Hogan and Tommy Bolt:

"Say, Ben," said Bolt. "What's all this jazz you go through when you putt? You stand over the ball for hours."

Said Hogan: "I always putt like

that. If I was alone, I would putt like that."

"Well, I don't get it. I been wondering about that putting of yours. I've even tried it. I've stood over the ball for a long time, and when I finally hit it the clubhouse felt like it weighed a ton. The ball almost went in a creek. Why don't you just walk up to the ball, find the line and hit it?"

"I haven't ever found a line," Hogan replied.

"That proves it," Bolt said.

"Proves what?"

"That you don't have any confidence in yourself."

"Where do I get it?"

"You have to analyze yourself and find out what's wrong."

Hogan said, "We seem to be right back where we started."

"You're hopeless," said Bolt. "If you can't analyze yourself, that's a form of choking."

Nobody, not even Tactful Tommy, would have dared talk to Ben Hogan like that in the not-so-old days.

GREAT MEN AT WORK

It was the first time in 14 years that the major league baseball owners had met alone (without general managers tagging along). You could tell right off things were in good hands.

In the cluttered recesses of the Chicago Club, the owners privately discussed the bonus rule ("We had a good long discussion about that," said one), the Continental League ("We talked about that in a passive way—we don't think it will get off the ground") and the Kefauver bill ("We don't think some clauses in the bill will work"). They also talked expansion, mentioning ("very briefly—no general discussion at all") letting the National League into New York, the American League into Houston.

After it was all over, one owner said of his fellows: "I think they're a great bunch of baseball men."

CASE OF THE MISSING GREEN

Thieves, armed with a mechanical sod cutter, descended on a Minneapolis golf course the other night. The take: No. 6 green.

THE WAY OF A WINNER

Dick Wagner lost to champions and he lost to bums, but he always put up a good fight. In the early 1950s,

the game light-heavy from Toppenish, Wash. might have been a loser, but he never was a bore. As victim No. 6 on Floyd Patterson's road to the heavyweight crown, Wagner was the first to go the route with Patterson. In a rematch eight months later, Patterson knocked Wagner into retirement in the fifth round.

For Wagner, this meant a job as railroad switchman in Portland, Ore., and oblivion. Last January, he was thrown from a boxcar and into the hospital with a back injury. Came a cheering letter from ex-rival Patterson, casually inviting him to the forthcoming championship fight. It was a nice idea but out of the question for an out-of-work switchman with a wife and four children.

But Wagner will go to the fight. In his mailbox last week were two \$50 ring-side seats and a check for \$775. The donor: Floyd Patterson.

CINCINNATI VERMILION

Last week in Cincinnati, 25 years after the first major league night baseball game (Cincinnati vs. Philadelphia), the first night color-TV game was played. On the luminous screen the playing field was emerald, the base path bronze and the caps of the home team vermilion. The Reds beat the Phillies 2-1 in the first night game; they beat the Giants 9-2 in their first night color game. Any more innovations, Cincinnati?

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Baltimore Orioles' catchers soon will have an oversize mitt—half again larger than regulation—to help them handle Hoyt Wilhelm's mambo-dancing knuckleball. . . . Jo and Crip, among the few whooping cranes in captivity, hatched two chicks last week, lost one in New Orleans' Audubon Park. Estimated whooping crane census to date: 40. . . . Don Cardwell, the Chicago Cub rookie who pitched a no-hitter against St. Louis last week, almost drowned while crossing a tide-swollen inlet during a 1958 hunting trip. Said he at the time: "I finally made it to shore, coughing up water and praying in thanks. It was then I realized I had a mission on this earth." . . . Boxer John Twohads danced into the ring at Boston Arena, waved to the crowd, snuck his robe, put it right back on. Forgot his pants.

FACES IN THE CROWD



ANN WARNER, 15, Santa Clara Swims Club, was from Menlo Park, Calif., bettered by more than two seconds her American record for 200-meter breaststroke, 36" at Pan-Am Games, when she swam the distance in 2:56.1 at meet in Los Altos, Calif.



GARNEY HENLEY, 33, Huron (S. Dak.) College football star (31, Nov. 18), led school's track team to state title when he took broad jump, high and low hurdles, 190- and 220-yard dashes, anchored winning mile relay team at Spearfish, S. Dak. meet.



ROBERT BECK, Navy lieutenant from San Diego, scored 4,750 points to defeat Army Pfc. Paul Penney of Columbus in International Modern Pentathlon championship at San Antonio. Beck will be on U.S. team at modern pentathlon meet in Rome this month.



REX HORNE, 51, of England, after training with railroad crewmen to strengthen his back, won British Senior Golf title at Mere, England, by three strokes over former champion Norman Sutton. Horne will meet U.S.'s Duke Metz this July for world senior title.



RAY CUNNINGHAM, 19, University of Texas sophomore from Refugio, Texas, knocked off 59-year-old Southwestern Conference track record when he scouted over 120-yard high hurdles in 13.8 in conference meet at Fort Worth, later tied 228-yard low hurdle record.



HUMBERTO BARRERA, 18, Robstown, Texas high school senior, won himself berth on U.S. Olympic boxing team (112-pound division) when, despite bloody cut over his left eye, he beat AAU national champion Wayman Gray at Olympic trials in San Francisco.



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EDITORIALS

THE SAFETIMONIOUS DRIVER

This weekend some 33 automobile drivers will gun their high-powered cars through the grueling grind of the Indianapolis "500" and several million more will head for the nation's highways in the annual Memorial Day motoring melee. It is noteworthy that at least one Indy veteran, Sam Hanks, has stated publicly that he would rather trust his life to the uncertainties of the "500" any day than take a chance on a West

Coast freeway with automobiledom's amateurs.

Lacking Sam's experience, we are nevertheless inclined to agree. Indianapolis, for all its danger, lacks at least one highway menace who seldom if ever appears in the fatality statistics, but may be responsible for a host of them. This is not the drunk, the speeder, the roadhog or the weaver, but the mousy, pigheaded pilot who thinks that nobody is a safer driver than he. If the speed limit is 50, he goes 40; if the speed limit is 40, he goes 30. Just to play safe, he always stops dead on the right lane of a parkway before turning out and shakes his head in distress at the screech of brakes behind him. On entering, he sticks his nose cautiously into the traffic to make sure everything is all right, and clucks reprovingly at those unfortunate drivers who have to swerve and skid to avoid hitting him.

It is true he has never been in an accident, this self-righteous, safetimonious fellow, but as the cars pile up on the highways behind and around him we, like Sam Hanks, would rather be driving somewhere else.

A RESPECTABLE SIDELINE

Can anybody in the world honestly think of a good reason why Outfielder Al Kaline of the Detroit Tigers shouldn't own a race horse, or even two of them? We doubt it. But last week when it was learned that Kaline intended to become part owner of a small racing stable, the general attitude was that Al had violated a sacred trust. "I'll say this," said Al's boss Bill DeWitt, "I just don't believe baseball and racing mix. I'll have a little talk with Al. Perhaps he needs a little guidance."

A little guidance is certainly needed, but not necessarily by Al. In the American sporting scene, the two most popular pastimes unquestionably are baseball and horse racing. Stories about their daily progress fill more space on the sports pages than is awarded all other sports combined. More than any other game, baseball has come to stand for and symbolize the American way of life. Popular sentiment requires the President of the United States to toss out the first ball in each baseball season. Yet the same popular sentiment forbids

U.S. Presidents from even attending horse races—a pastime dignified in many other lands by the title Sport of Kings.

This curious discrimination may stem from the turf's monarchist background or from its historic association with betting. Whatever the reason, Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis elevated it to law with his early decree that horse racing was no fit playmate for the great American game. We respect the memory of Judge Landis, but we think this is a pretty silly and a hopelessly outdated dictum.

The democratic way is in no danger these days from a sport that attracts far more commoners than kings; and as for gambling—well, most authorities on gambling agree that at least as much money is bet under the table each year on the pennant races as on the ponies. If, as baseball's first commissioner apparently believed, a ball-player's connection with the turf was likely to lead him into bad company because of betting, his connection with the diamond would now seem to offer the same risk. We don't believe there is much risk in either case.

THE NEW HERB ELLIOTT

Australia's superb miler may still be the best in the world, but he has lost his fierce dedication. Now he faces the challenge of Oregon's Dwyol Burlinson, who is still hungry

by **TEX MAULE**

TWO years ago a grim, young, hawk-nosed Australian named Herb Elliott was the talk of the track world, and a good part of the world not ordinarily interested in track and field. Absolutely dedicated to running, Elliott, under the almost fanatic tutelage of stern old Percy Cerutti, punished himself fiercely in his efforts to become the best mile runner in the world. He spent long weekends at Cerutti's training camp at Portsea, near Melbourne, sprinting up huge sand dunes to develop physical and mental resistance to fatigue (SI, Nov. 10, 1958). He ate rolled oats, raw cabbage, brown bread and cheese. He read the books Cerutti recommended and assimilated the older man's Spartan philosophy.

And he became the best mile runner in the world. In four stunning months in 1958, on a "world tour" that included Honolulu, the U.S., England, Ireland, Sweden and Norway, he won 19 races, ran seven sub-four-minute miles, beat every top miler in competition and set eye-popping new world records for the mile and for 1,500 meters.

Now a new and different Elliott is on tour, a brief trip this time, to California, where he has a schedule of three races at 1,500 meters and a mile.

Only one of these is very important: the mile he will run this week at the Modesto Relays against a field that includes Dwyol Burlinson (*see cover*), the youngster from the University of Oregon who is the best miler America has ever produced.

This race not only is important—it could be the most dramatic mile run on the North American continent since Roger Bannister whipped John Landy in their unforgettable meeting at Vancouver in 1954. For now Dwyol Burlinson is the hungry young man dedicated to his sport—and the big news about Elliott is that he has turned into a relaxed, pleasant sort of fellow who is more interested in his wife, his 3-month-old son and his career with the Shell Company in Australia than he is in track.

Last week Dwyol Burlinson trained hard and long despite torrential rains that drenched Oregon, and he won the mile in a conference meet on Saturday. Burlinson's coach, Bill Bowerman, sounding like Cerutti, said, "The rains didn't bother Burlinson. There's no such thing as bad weather, just soft people."

Elliott, on the other hand, went into his 1,500-meter race at the Coliseum Relays in Los Angeles last Friday in a much less determined frame

of mind. Just before the race began László Tabori, the Hungarian runner, stopped to chat a moment with Elliott. "Airb," he said, "anyone who runs the mile must be seek." The greatest miler in history smiled in wry agreement. Then he feather-footed over the Coliseum's lumpy grass track to win the 1,500 meters, the metric mile, in 3:45.4, something less than sensational but good enough to beat Tabori by 10 yards.

"The race was run just as I hoped it would be," Elliott said amiably after it was over. "I wanted some other chap to set the pace, and I didn't want it to be a fast one. I'm not ready for a fast pace yet. Then I thought I could take over in the last lap, and it worked out that way. I was worried when Walters jumped me going into the first turn on the last lap. I was afraid maybe he or Tabori was fit enough to run a really fast final quarter and I couldn't have made it."

CHAMPAGNE AND TELEPHONES

Much later that night Elliott sipped gingerly at some pink champagne and waited impatiently for a call to his wife in Melbourne to be completed.

"You know," he said. "Sometimes I sit and wonder 'What am I doing here?' I don't like being away from the wife and the boy. I'm not yet

continued

RELAXED ELLIOTT sips soft drink, no longer sticks to his dreary training diet.





FLOATING ACROSS LINE IN CLASSIC FINISHING POSE, ELLIOTT WINS ROUTINELY IN FIRST OF THREE CURRENT U.S. APPEARANCES

HERB ELLIOTT *continued*

thoroughly fit and I don't like being beaten. I should be back in Melbourne training in the gardens at the governor's house [see cover] and seeing my family."

Significantly, he did not mention Cerutti. Since his marriage a little over a year ago, he gradually has turned away from Cerutti's teachings. "Percy and I are still good mates," he had told me a day or so earlier over a hearty breakfast of bacon, eggs, cereal, fruit and coffee (not a rolled out in sight). "But I don't see as much of him as I used to do. I go down to Portsea maybe once every six weeks or so, whereas I used to go every weekend. Percy is good for winding you up, giving you enthusiasm again. But I train in Melbourne most of the time, near the family."

During the week he spent in Los Angeles before the Coliseum Relays Elliott trained hard, but not excessively. He lived in the home of Jack Kirkwood, a travel agency executive, in Anaheim, about 40 miles from Los Angeles. He played golf on the Los Coyotes Country Club course near Kirkwood's home, hitting the ball

with a beginner's slice but enjoying himself hugely. The evenings, for the most part, he spent quietly watching television, usually going to bed early, though one night he sat up until 1:30 in the morning to see the end of an old Red Skelton comedy called *A Southern Yankee*. He ate a normal American diet with considerable relish.

"You would get tired of ice cream if you had to lick a cone every day," he said. "I got tired of the other diet, and I do well enough on this one. I don't think I suffer from it."

Elliott kept watch on his condition by taking his pulse in the morning at breakfast. "When I'm perfectly fit my heart goes about 46 a minute," he said, fending off Pudge, the Kirkwood's engaging 3-year-old daughter. "Now it's about 58. Our track season ended about two months ago, you know, so that I've not been running so much. Then I hurt my foot and that slowed me a bit, too. But I think I'll be ready soon."

The injured foot—a strained ligament suffered in Melbourne—has not bothered him here. He trained on the Los Coyotes golf course, usually in the late evening, running around the entire 18 holes barefooted.

"I tried to do the 7,000 yards in about 22 to 24 minutes," he said. "Gave some blokes a bit of a shock sometimes to see me running around the course just as they were teeing up, but I was careful not to disturb them when they were making a shot."

He went into Los Angeles rarely because he preferred the quiet of Anaheim. Once he drove in to attend a luncheon given for him by the Big Ten club. He left the Kirkwood home at about 10:30 in the morning and Pudge came out to the car to say goodby.

TA TA, HERB

"Kiss, kiss," Elliott said, leaning out the window so she could reach him. He got a moist kiss and then waved goodby. "Ta ta," he said, and Pudge, who is rapidly developing an Australian accent, replied, "Ta ta, Herb."

He enjoys driving and he handled the car effortlessly, not disturbed by driving on the right or, for him, wrong side of the road. "It's like riding a motor bike," he said. "Once you get used to it, it comes back to you right away. My first trip here I created an awful traffic jam driving on the wrong side, but not any more."

In his spare time Elliott is working on an autobiography. As he reached the freeway into Los Angeles, he said, "What I should like to do here is meet more personalities. For the book, you know. People like Eisenhower and Nixon. The public is interested in personalities, don't you think? I suppose it shouldn't be too hard to meet them."

He slowed for an inevitable traffic jam and watched a traffic cop roar by. "Why do your chaps use those big bikes?" he asked. "Our police use a much smaller bike, but it's just as powerful. We should be on a bike like the one I have at home. Then we could go right on between the lanes of traffic."

The policeman cleared the traffic jam and Elliott drove on, carefully staying at 60 mph, the legal speed limit.

"There'll be something in the book about training and diet," he said. "And a chapter on Percy, of course. And I suppose I must have a chapter on Leavitt. I'd much rather leave him out as a sort of a punch in the nose." Leavitt is Leo Leavitt, the American promoter who created a furor when he tried to sign Elliott to a \$250,000 personal service contract, and who recently filed suit against him for \$1 million for breach of contract. "I didn't even make a verbal agreement with him," Elliott said. "The bloke just wants publicity."

He reached the University Club in downtown Los Angeles half an hour early for the lunch.

"Is there a bowling alley near?" he asked. "Maybe we could have a game."

At the bowling alley he bowled an even 100 in the first game, looked at the clock, which showed he had 10 minutes left before the lunch, and said, "Let's bowl another. I'd rather do this than be on time there." But after bowling only half the game he decided it would be best not to be too late.

"You're lucky," he said to his companion, grinning. "I was just beginning to warm up. And I think you pack up a bit under pressure."

On Thursday, the day before he ran in the Coliseum Relays, Elliott was stung on the left heel by a bee. He took a shot, because he is allergic to bee stings and had already begun to break out, but he was not particularly disturbed. Friday night, when he

began to warm up at the Coliseum 25 minutes before his event, the heel was still swollen. It did not, however, affect his beautifully fluid stride. After the race he pulled off his track shoe and rubbed the heel vigorously.

"It didn't bother me," he said. "I'm well satisfied. I think I'll be able to better four minutes at Modesto and at Compton." He did not wait to watch the rest of the meet. He was in a hurry to put his call in to Melbourne to his wife.

THE BURLERSON RACE

The 3:45.4 Elliott ran at the Coliseum Relays is roughly the equivalent of a 4:02.9 mile, and he will certainly have to do better than that at Modesto when he meets Burlerson. Burlerson skipped the Coliseum Relays because of Oregon's conference meet on Saturday, but according to Bowerman, his coach, he is ready for his test against Elliott at Modesto.

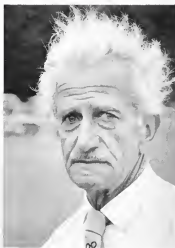
"Dyrol runs to win," said Bowerman last weekend. "That's what he'll try to do at Modesto. But even if he shouldn't win, he'll get a chance to learn something."

While Burlerson was running Saturday, Elliott took it easy in Anaheim. Sunday afternoon he left on a leisurely auto trip up the Pacific Coast to Modesto, stopping for sightseeing and, of course, for his daily training stint. He looked for variegated terrain to run on, avoiding regular tracks. "Drives you mad, running around and around an oval like that," he said. "A chap needs a bit of variety, you know."

He did not appear worried about Burlerson.

"I have a backlog of strength from the years with Cerutti," he said. "You develop physical and mental strength when you train that way, you know. Even when I'm not completely fit, I can call on that. Once in a while, for one reason or another, it won't be there, but most often it is."

At the Coliseum Relays, Dave Sime, running better than he has in four years, upset Doug Smith, conqueror of Ray Norton a week earlier, in the 100-meter dash (see page 18). Ironically, Bobby Morrow, who was Sime's archrival for U.S. sprint honors in 1956, may have ended his career at the meet. Just before the 100 meters, Bobby reinjured a groin muscle and had to drop out.



ELLIOTT'S SVENGALI. Percy Cerutti, is less an influence but still a good friend.

Glen Davis nipped Dick Howard and Rex Cawley to win the 400-meter hurdles in 51 seconds flat, a remarkable time on that poor track. Davis, who injured his back last season, appears to be completely recovered and will probably now stick with the hurdle event, which he won at the Olympics in 1956, and skip the 400-meter run, although he plans to run both at Modesto. "I need to work on speed now," he said last week. "My back's O.K. and I feel strong, but I need a little more speed."

The first meeting of the Big Four in the shotgun—Parry O'Brien, Dallas Long, Bill Nieder and Dave Davis—dwindled down to an appearance by Long, who won the event with 63 feet 5¼ inches. Sinusitis felled O'Brien, a pulled ham-string muscle kept Nieder out, and Davis, who is majoring in things like square dancing, driver education and the shotgun at San Fernando Valley State College, left home in a huff when his girlfriend was forbidden by her mother to tutor him. He disappeared for four days and turned up in Omaha, hitchhiking his way to York, Pa., where he will visit an uncle, major in weight lifting at the York Barbell Club and, presumably, cry at mother-in-law jokes.

END

SOME DWARFS TAKE A GIANT STEP

The U.S. Curtis Cup golfers adopted Disney nicknames, but there was nothing frivolous about the way they beat their British rivals

by MICHAEL DEMAREST

IF their brief Bermuda shorts raised British eyebrows, their American high jinks raised British hopes. They were not only the youngest (average age: 24) Curtis Cup team the U.S. had ever fielded, but the prettiest and liveliest as well. For days, as they practiced on the tricky Yorkshire course, sportswriters marveled in turn at their bright-hued American sportswear and their bantering good cheer. At times last week their relaxed air had their hosts a little worried. "They don't seem very businesslike," deprecated one no-nonsense North-Countryman in the locker room at Lindrick Golf Club. "I mean, they seem to be enjoying themselves so much."

But the experts had more concrete reasons for thinking Britain would retain its four-year hold on the cup, which was presented in 1932 by Harriot and Margaret Curtis of the U.S. for these biennial matches between women amateurs. The British team, neatly uniformed in blue sweaters and gray skirts, boasted more international veterans than the challengers. It also had more experience in foursome competition. But perhaps most important, the Americans were all first-time visitors to Britain and they were plainly discomfited by the rigors of an English spring. Two days before the start of the match, sunshine yielded to drizzle and a raw east wind. The U.S. girls changed into heavy foul-weather gear that amused the British followers no end and caused one sportswriter to say that the Eng-

lish had found their secret weapon.

He spoke before the weather changed. Saturday, the day the Yanks won back the trophy, was, by Yorkshire standards, positively decent. The skies were gray all right, but they were calm. The U.S. youngsters, who had played unevenly in Friday's foursomes but had come away with a 2-1 lead, tore into their singles matches with an exuberance and concentration that never wilted under pressure. They won four and tied one of their six matches on the second day to give the U.S. its largest margin of victory (6½-2½) since 1950. Boston Businessman Henri Prunaret, husband of the nonplaying U.S. captain Mildred Prunaret, beamed when it was all over and said: "They went in there like young lionsmen." The London *Observer* added: "They played cheerfully and charmingly."

If the charm was built-in the cheer was in large measure the result of thoughtful hospitality and the excitement that most Americans feel on first discovering the green and rolling North Country. At Lindrick, the neat, narrow, immaculate course was bright with hawthorn bloom and yellow gorse. In the countryside around, as the visitors jounced to and from the course in British-supplied cars, they gaped at the luxuriance of cottage gardens, deer grazing in private parks and the pink and white splendor of huge chestnuts in full flower.

They were quartered at Barnby Moor in a hotel that looked as if it



"SNEEZY"



"DOPEY"



"BASHFUL"



"GRUMPY"



"HAPPY"

"SLEEPY"



came out of a glossy British travel ad. The Olde Bell (300 years olde) was originally built as a coaching inn, and, as Anne Quast sighed, "just reeks with atmosphere." As long ago as 1690, according to a horse-borne British precursor of Duncan Hines, he found there "good harbourage and the horse good stabling." The girls soon discovered that Olde Bell "harbourage" was as good as ever. They started the day with morning tea, ate the North-Countrymen's four- and five-course lunches and dinners, downed huge quantities of sandwiches, bread and jam and plummy cake at tea, and before retiring to their rooms at night, drank rich Jersey milk. Said senior (38) Team Member Ann Casey Johnstone: "I managed to lose 12 pounds before I came over, but it's all back now."

Since most of the seven team members knew each other from previous tournaments, they formed a happy, congenial group. Wichita's Judy Bell and JoAnne Gunderson of Kirkland, Wash. dubbed the ensemble "Snow White (Mrs. Prunaret) and her seven dwarfs."

The women's national amateur champion, Barbara McIntire, became "Grumpy," Anne Quast "Bashful" and Judy Bell "Dopey"—"only," as JoAnne Gunderson explained, "Dopey never talked and Judy never stopped." In deference to her age and glasses, Casey Johnstone was known as "Doc." Joanne Goodwin, who had developed an allergy ("to grass, I think"), became "Sneezy." "Happy" was amiable Judy Eller of Old Hickory, Tenn. JoAnne Gunderson was "Sleepy."

Physically and temperamentally, the team was as varied as the nicknames suggest. Florida's Barbara McIntire, 25, is hazel-eyed and handsome, with short brown curls and dimples that belie her steely, aggressive brand of golf. JoAnne Gunderson, who was U.S. women's national amateur champion in 1957 at 18, is a big (5 feet 7 inches) blue-eyed blonde with strength and staying power inherited from her Norwegian ancestors: A fellow Washingtonian is bright Stanford graduate Anne Quast, who beat out Gunderson for the title in 1958. Brunette Judy Bell,

the 23-year-old daughter of a meat dealer, hints that she plans to get married. Pretty Joanne Goodwin was the team's quietest member and its smallest (5 feet 2½ inches). And 19-year-old Judy Eller, a lanky (5 feet 8½ inches), loose-limbed physical education major at the University of Miami, is the team's youngest and tallest member. Best-prepared was Casey Johnstone, a graying Mason City, Iowa housewife, who boned up for the tournament by immersing herself in a film of the course that an Iowa priest obligingly shot for her on a trip to Europe.

EARLIER AND TOUGHER

What the American golfers had in common, in contrast to the older British team, was a toughness born of wider competitive experience at home. The "American golf amazons," as the *Sheffield Telegraph* ungallantly labeled them, have also probably played golf from a tenderer age than their opponents. Anne Quast's family owns a golf course, and two of the girls—Goodwin and Eller—are daughters of professional golfers. Paternal patience has been well rewarded in their smooth, controlled style and deep concentration. This was also so of chain-smoking Barbara McIntire, who battled down to the last putt with the 37-year-old British champion, Elizabeth Price. Steadily whittling away at her opponent's lead, Barbara rolled in a 15-foot putt at the 35th hole and ended in a dead heat. The most brilliant golf in the singles was played by JoAnne Gunderson, whose huge drives and low, precise pitches beat three-time Curtis Cup veteran Angela Bonallack, 2 and 1. The most promising U.S. player was Judy Eller, whose crisp style and steady game brought her a 4 and 3 victory over Philomena Garvey, a 32-year-old veteran of five previous Curtis Cup matches.

After a last, massive breakfast at the Olde Bell, the U.S. girls left to watch the British Ladies' Open Amateur Championship at Harlech in Wales. "We've made so many good friends among British players," explained Mrs. Prunaret, "we have to see how they do."

END

A NOD FOR A TITLE

Sports Illustrated's correspondent in Moscow reports on the new world chess champion Mikhail Tal—and on the new chess era that opened with a smile

by EDMUND STEVENS

THE AVERAGE Russian has long since become accustomed to hearing that a world crisis is at hand and that capitalist spies are everywhere. Consequently, last week's political alarms failed to supplant two sporting events—one just past, one scheduled and then canceled—as Topic A in Moscow. Soccer fans were bubbling over the Moscow debut of Europe's No. 1 team, Real Madrid. This week anticipation turned to disappointment as Spain called the team home, because of the summit collapse. But the major subject was the crowning of a new world champion of chess.

When Mikhail Botvinnik surrendered the title to Mikhail Tal in Moscow's Pushkin Theater the other day, it was an occasion that—for Russia's millions of chess buffs—promised to outlive the memory of many a dramatic international crisis. There have only been 10 world championships in 110 years. In addition, the world championship has come to be an exclusively Russian affair; no oth-

er nation has a major contender. And, finally, the turning over of the championship to 23-year-old Mikhail Tal really opened a new era in the history of the game.

The character of the new era was foreshadowed by the way Botvinnik's reign ended. There were no chess theatrics, none of the intellectual grandstanding usually found in these events. The end came in the 21st game of the scheduled 24-game, two-month match. Tal, with six wins and 12 drawn games (Botvinnik won only two), needed only half a point to secure the world championship.

At the 18th move, a weary Botvinnik looked up from the chessboard and said in tired tones, "Let's call it a draw, Misha."

A draw would give Tal half a point, making his score 12½ of a possible 24. With a ghost of a smile flickering around his mouth, Tal nodded assent. That nod, glimpsed by only a few of the spectators who filled the Pushkin to capacity, had as

much impact on chess as Johansson's right hand had on boxing. It made Tal world champion. But for a moment no one knew what had happened. The first man on his feet was Gideon Ståhlberg, the veteran Swedish chess master who was serving as judge. Instead of cautioning the crowd to be silent, he advanced to congratulate Tal.

Botvinnik edged quietly out the door, almost unnoticed. Tal, flushed and smiling, scanned the crowd for his wife. They are expecting a child this fall, and she was having trouble trying to push her way through the throng around him. Then she was recognized and the well-wishers cheering the new world champion gave way for her, and she made her way to the stage to give her husband a victory kiss. Tal married this young and pretty dancer from a Riga theater last year. They still behave like newlyweds, and, judging from the enthusiasm for them shown at Tal's victory, Moscow has a new pair of popular favorites.

That in itself is part of the era in chess that is now beginning to emerge. Chess champions traditionally are remote and austere figures. Whatever Tal's future is to be as a champion, he is outside the ancient stereotype of the chess master. He comes from a

CHESS MASTERS AND MELODRAMA

The extraordinary photograph at the right shows Alexander Alekhine, world champion for 17 years, as he was found dead in a Lisbon hotel room in March 1946. His death, officially listed as accidental, was never fully explained. One of the most enigmatic of all masters, Alekhine was a White Russian officer but friendly with Bolsheviks; he was a French citizen and hero but also a Nazi collaborator. Winning the title from Capablanca in 1927, Alekhine lost it to Dr. Max Euwe of The Netherlands in 1935, won it back and kept it because Euwe would not play in Nazi tournaments. It was only after Alekhine's death that an international tournament in Moscow cleared the air enough to leave the vacated title with Botvinnik.



family of physicians: "My father, grandfather, my elder brother—all doctors," he told me when I interviewed him after his victory. "My mother once worked in the theater for a while." When the Germans invaded Latvia, where Tal was born, the family was sent to the Urals, and there Tal's father taught him to play chess in 1943, when the boy was 7 years old. Tal did not much like the game at first. He was stung into making a serious study of it after the war, when the family had returned to Riga. With characteristic self-assurance—and also with some foreshadowing of the bold and unexpected moves characteristic of his mature chess game—at the age of 11 he thought that he would like to play a game with the world champion. This was in 1948, after Botvinnik had won in an international tournament the title vacated by the strange death of Alexander Alekhine (see box). Botvinnik was resting in seclusion at a resort near Riga. Tucking a chessboard under his arm, Tal threaded his way through pine trees to the beach to ask Botvinnik to play a game with him. He was met by Botvinnik's wife, the ballerina Gayane, who told him smilingly that the champion was taking a nap, and that, in addition, she had made him promise to give up chess during their vacation.

Something of the new era in Russian chess is also suggested by the difference between Botvinnik's avoidance of people and Tal's sociability. Tal is young, approachable, likes to play chess and enjoys talking about it. He dislikes the highbrow reputation of the game. "Chess can be very relaxing, if you play it that way," he says. Strangers accost him on the street and start discussing games. Soon someone produces a chessboard, and Tal is expounding the reasons for his moves. The aloof Botvinnik acting in this fashion is unthinkable—it is difficult, in fact, to recall any previous world champion doing it. Tal, in fundamental ways, runs counter to a tradition of personality traits among chess champions. Those who preceded him were brainy, proud, possessive, egocentric and many other things: he is good-natured and natural. Adolf Anderssen, the first, was a long-jawed German mathematical genius much admired for his honesty, but the only human thing recorded of him is that he could not keep his eyes off



RELAXED CHAMPION Mikhail Tal, here shown with his wife Sally, started Russian chess fans by his friendliness in a field where intellectual snobbery is common.

pretty girls. Paul Morphy, who won the title from Anderssen at the age of 21, developed an aversion to chess, and lived in seclusion in a New Orleans mansion filled with secret passages, where he always kept his clothes packed for instant flight. William Steinitz and Emanuel Lasker, who between them held the title from 1866 to 1921, were less eccentric, but both men, like the elegant José Capablanca and the arrogant Alexander Alekhine who followed them, regarded their chess achievements as setting them above the common run of mankind.

I asked Tal if his wife Sally minded his intense devotion to chess. "I don't believe so," he said. "I guess she thinks that if it weren't for chess I might be off doing worse things."

He explained that he and Sally had intended to make the Botvinnik match the occasion of a chess and theatrical honeymoon. They thought they would be able to see the plays in Moscow in the intervals between games, but it turned out that neither saw the inside of any theater except the Pushkin. After each day's match, Tal and his coach, Alexander Koblenz, sat down before the chessboard in the Tal's suite in the Hotel

Moscow, analyzing every move and preparing the strategy for the coming game. Sally, who knew no chess whatsoever when she married Tal, has since become a fair analyst as a result of listening to these discussions. She cooked all the meals for Tal on a hot plate in their rooms. Tal has a weak stomach and, before his marriage, existed throughout whole tournaments on tea and rusks alone.

Tal has a gift of gab that verges on eloquence. He would have made a first-class trial lawyer. When he is playing in a tournament his intensity becomes hypnotic—an opponent once actually accused Tal of hypnotizing him during a game—but in casual chess games, or in discussing chess, Tal is obviously as happy as any young expert doing what he likes to do. He said to me, "Chess can be either an art or a sport, depending on the player's attitude. For the player constantly seeking new combinations, it's an art. For the player who enjoys it as a contest, chess is a sport. My inclinations are in the artistic field. I like to play the piano, too, when I'm at home; but only for myself, and against my neighbors."

continued





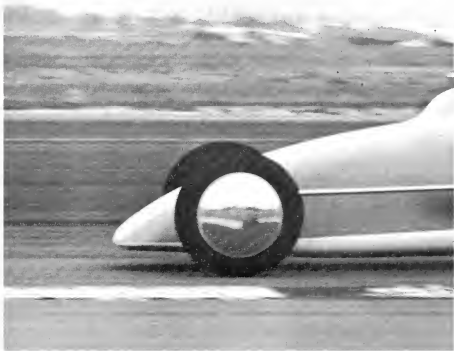
Wobbly Win for Sime

Dave Sime left the starting blocks like a drunk on roller skates, wobbled along for 50 meters and then put on a burst to win the 100-meter race by a step in 10.4. The scene was the Coliseum Relays in Los Angeles, run on a lumpy, soft grass track. "I felt very sharp," Sime said later. "I'm sore about that start. I came straight up, and I've been working all week on starting. I had trouble with my balance. But the finish was good, wasn't it?" It was, and Sime, whose pulled leg muscles kept him out of the last Olympics, is back in business.

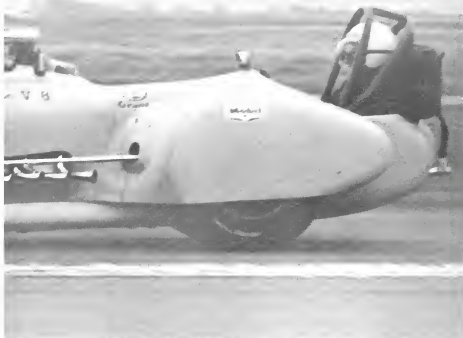
Photograph by Phil Rife

It's a Drag, Man!

Photograph by Gordon Chittenden



Beatniks might consider it square, but to Marion (Mickey) Thompson, 31, it's really living to drag away from a standing start and scream a sauced-up car over a measured course in a race with the clock. Last year, with a flying start, Thompson did 363 mph at Bonneville to become America's fastest human on wheels. Here, whizzing down a runway at March Air Force Base, Calif., he goes after one of 14 acceleration records he set in a single day. Dressed like an astronaut, he sits hot-rod fashion behind the rear wheels of an 800-hp, Pontiac-engined, droop-nosed car he designed himself. Attached to the car's tail is a parachute for quick stops. In his top effort Thompson set a world record of 149.93 mph for the mile.





Right Stance, Wrong Game



Army's Yank at Oxford, Pete Dawkins, took his first innings at cricket last week and brought a classic widespread Joe DiMaggio batting stance to England's national game. For cricket it was dreadful form, but Pete somehow made 19 runs (roughly the equivalent of going 1 for 5 in baseball) and then politely observed, "It was terrific fun."

Photograph by Alan Clifton

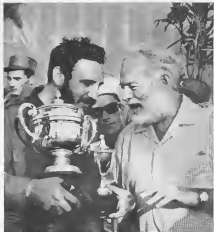


IN THE COOLORNS BETWEEN STRIKES, BEARDED FIDEL CASTRO AND SHIRTLESS, LONG-HAIRED "CHE" GUEVARA LOLL IN THE SUN

WINNER CASTRO EXPLAINS HIS TECHNIQUE TO LOSER HEMINGWAY

Lucky Novice

A pair of shaggy fishermen took to the sea last week, smoked Havana cigars and trolled peacefully for marlin in politically storm-tossed waters. The big fishermen: Cuban Premier Fidel Castro and barebacked Economic Commissar Ernesto (Che) Guevara. The event was the annual Hemingway Tournament, and the cooperative fish acted like loyal members of the 26th of July Movement. Castro boated a sailfish and a marlin on the first day, two marlin on the second and another marlin on the third—which gave him first place in a field of 150. Said Castro to loser Ernest Hemingway: "I am a novice at fishing." Replied Papa, who had caught no fish: "You are a lucky novice."



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—**ARROW**—



A. J. WATSON CHECKS LEADER CARD SPECIAL DRIVEN BY RODGER WARD, LAST YEAR'S WINNER, WHO DUALIZED IN 145.550

THE WIZARD OF INDY

He's car-builder A. J. Watson, and he has 11 chances to win next week's '500'

by ALFRED WRIGHT

IT is almost axiomatic to report each year that the cars are running faster at the Indianapolis Speedway. A fortnight ago, for instance, the cars that qualified for the first 22 of the 33 positions available in the 500-mile race on Memorial Day averaged 145.513 mph. That is 2.5 mph faster than last year. Then just last weekend, Indianapolis newcomer Jim Hurtubise of Lennox, Calif. averaged

149.056 mph for the 10-mile qualifying run to beat the record 146.592 set the week before by Eddie Sachs. By Indianapolis standards, Hurtubise's performance was remarkable and was greeted almost in disbelief. But by other standards it was one more step forward, typical of the way these fastest of all racing cars get better, by decimals sometimes and by leaps at others.

Everyone concerned with Indianapolis takes for granted the inevitability of higher speeds. Although the engines are periodically reduced in size, as they were most recently in 1958, still the speeds go up. The drivers, albeit a year older, are almost in-

variably the same fellows who drove a bit slower the previous year. The alterations in the cars from year to year—and particularly this year—are usually almost imperceptible.

Last weekend, while everyone at the speedway was standing around on one foot and then the other, waiting for the wind and the rain to go away, A. J. Watson tried to explain the improvement in this year's cars. Watson is the quiet and unassuming Californian who built the Indianapolis winners of 1955, 1956 and 1959 and from his blueprints came this year's fastest qualifier, the Traveler Special driven by Hurtubise. "I don't know," A.J. said without any false modesty. "The cars are about the same. Maybe it's the tires."

Tires, to be sure, are terribly important at the speedway, more important than at any other race. It is on the four gradually banked turns of this rectangular track's two-and-a-half-mile course that a driver is most apt to pick up the fractional seconds that make a difference. And it takes a special kind of tire to withstand the speed at which today's

continues



JIM HURTUBISE SET QUALIFYING RECORD



RODGER SACHS EARNED THE INSIDE POST

JIM RATHMANN WON POST NEXT TO SACHS



WIZARD OF INDY continued

race cars go into the corners. Firestone, which has had a monopoly at the Brickyard for years, is constantly tinkering to make the speedway tires (used nowhere else in the world) faster, stronger and more adhesive. This year they have added a couple of grooves to the tires, and it is these, along with some minor alterations in the compound of the rubber, that Watson was referring to.

However, with the 1960 race still a week away, it was not Firestone but Watson himself who seemed to dominate the event. Of the 65 cars at the track trying for the 33 starting positions, 11 of the certain starters will be Watson cars, either built by him or built from his blueprints. Remarkably, all of the Watson cars figure to be in contention at the end of next week's "500." Of the eight fastest cars to qualify so far this year, six of them are A.J.'s.

It is generally conceded around racing people that the driver of a car is 50% of the race, and the car and mechanic are the other half. The folks in the stands at Indianapolis think largely in terms of the men in the cockpit—Sachs, in the pole position, Jim Rathmann, in second place, Rodger Ward, last year's winner and national driving champion, Tony Bettenhausen, Johnny Thomson, Jim Bryan, Hurtubise and the other big names. Around the garage they talk about Watson and George Salth, Quinn Epperly, Eddie Kuzma, Frank Kurtis and the others who build the best of the cars.

Talking piece

Watson, of course, is the chief topic of conversation. His accomplishments and his reputation have been mounting steadily ever since Bob Sweikert drove Watson's first winning car in 1955. Last year, during the 47th lap when Thomson (in a non-Watson) made a pit stop, the cars in the first five positions were all built by Watson, and those driven by Ward and Jim Rathmann finished first and second.

"Simplicity personified," says Fred Agabashian, the elder statesman of the veteran Indy drivers, in accounting for Watson's success. "A. J. never hangs a lot of superfluous metal on his cars. Everything has a function and is easy to fix. The workmanship

is first class, and A. J. has a reason for each little thing he does. And don't forget that A. J. is right there at the track working on his cars every year. He is always up to date. A lot of the fellows who build cars don't ever get to the track, so they have to depend on hearsay and theory."

A handsome man with just a sprinkling of gray in his crew-cut hair, Watson is almost deferential about his work. He makes no claims for himself as an engineering genius. About all he will say to define his success is, "I come back here and race cars all the time, and that's where I may have a little edge on the other builders."

If you wanted to buy a new Watson car for next year's race it would cost you about \$15,000, roughly \$5,000 less than other top builders charge for just the chassis and skin, as racing people call the body. You would, of course, want to install the standard Meyer-Drake four-cylinder Offenhauser, the engine almost everybody uses in Indianapolis cars, but you would have to buy that separately for another \$10,000 or so and install it yourself in your own garage.

Perfection in a small garage

As he did with the four new cars he built last winter for this year's race, Watson would construct the car at the small garage he owns in Glendale, Calif. Much of the work there is done at night, since Watson's labor is semi-voluntary. The four or five assistants who help him work for the love of the craftsmanship and racing. Most of them hold down daytime jobs at nearby plants like Lockheed and have a loose arrangement with Watson concerning their pay. Naturally, Watson's wife, Joyce, and his two daughters, aged 6 and 2½, are not particularly enthusiastic about this way of life, for they don't get to see very much of Daddy. But Watson, like most perfectionists, has a priestly dedication to his work. Aside from a little water skiing now and then, there is hardly anything that distracts him from the year-round occupation of building and racing automobiles.

Come April, Watson will have finished building whatever new cars he has contracted to deliver (the four he built last winter were the most he can produce at one time). At that point he packs up his family and heads for Indianapolis, where he owns

continued

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a house in the little township of Speedway, on the outskirts of Indianapolis and near the race track. Watson sets up his headquarters at the Speedway in adjoining garages Nos. 16 and 17. From the day he moves in until the end of the racing season, he is the full-time mechanic for Bob Wilke, a machine card manufacturer from Milwaukee who runs an auto racing stable under the name Leader Card, which is also the name of his business. While A. J. is getting the Leader Card Specials ready for the big race, he also helps out his many other customers and friends.

There is a deceptive casualness about Watson's operation, as if everything he did was a kind of afterthought. Speaking of the four new cars he built last winter for the 1960 race, he said, "I kind of promised Aggie [J. C. Agayanian, the southern California pig farmer and racing promoter] that I would build him a car if I had time, and then Wilke wanted a new one if I was going to build one for somebody else. The first thing

I knew I was building four of them." All four of these cars qualified the first day at speeds of better than 144 mph. One, the Leader Card Special, is being driven by Ward, one by Jim Rathmann, one by Len Sutton and Aggie's car by Lloyd Ruby.

Watson had to turn down an order for a fifth new car last fall from Al Dean, a southern California trucker whose Dean Van Lines Specials have been contenders at Indianapolis for years. So Watson lent a set of his blueprints to his friend and fellow-mechanic, Wayne Ewing, one of the many car buffs who hangaround Watson's shop in Glendale. Ewing went ahead and built the car on his own and turned it over to Clint Brunner, the talented mechanic who masterminds Dean's racing cars. On the first day of qualifying this car broke, with Sachs in the cockpit, all the records at the speedway. It set a new single-lap record of 147.251 mph which was later broken by Hurtubise's 149.601.

Although Sachs, at the age of 33, has been one of the top dirt track drivers in the East since 1933 and

ranked among the first 10 drivers in the national championship for the past two years, he has never finished a race at Indianapolis. Sachs is a fellow with a large and determined jaw and a keen sense of survival, and he has been heard to say that if he can win the big race this year, that will be it. He will be perfectly happy to make a full-time job of his cocktail lounge at Center Valley, Pa., just outside Allentown, near the New Jersey border. Despite his fast qualifying run, Sachs's strategy, he has said, will be to lay back within hailing distance of the gang busters and avoid the free-for-all that usually characterizes the early stages of the "500." The \$150 that goes to the leader at the end of each of the 200 laps can be mighty attractive bait and can even mount up into big money over a period, but experience proves that the early-lap winners rarely drive their cars into the victory lane.

A hairy scramble

Among the front runners one can expect to find Jim Rathmann and his brother Dick. Jim, the younger of the two, is a saturnine blond and a truculent competitor who has three times finished second at Indianapolis. Naturally he has every intention of shaking the bridesmaid role this week. Rodger Ward in Watson's No. 1 car is another front-running type. (The other Leader Card Special, for which Watson will also be the chief mechanic, is the car in which Ward won last year. It will be driven this time by Chuck Stevenson.) Along with Rathmann and Ward you can expect to find Tony Bettenhausen and Johnny Thomson, both of whom like the hairy scramble that goes on for the lap prizes, and, probably, the amazing Hurtubise, who, as a rookie, is still something of an unknown quantity.

Around Gasoline Alley, as they call the garage area at the speedway, it is customary to find most of the cars lying in a thousand parts inside their crowded stalls whenever they aren't on the track for practice. An occupational disease of every Indianapolis mechanic is the urge to make just one more adjustment, no matter how well a car has performed up to that point. However, in adjoining stalls, numbered 62 and 63, the disarray and confusion is caused by some-

continued



MECHANIC JEAN MARCENAG (RIGHT) AND HELPER WORK OVER POWERFUL NOVI

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thing more serious than a mechanic's persnickiness. It is there that the two Novi Specials are parked, and this year, as quite frequently in the past, they are not well.

Ever since the war, the Novis have been almost as much a part of the Indianapolis scene as the brick paving on the homestretch. The deep-throated roar of their supercharged V-8 engines sends a thrilling shiver through the grandstands. Although today they are virtually the same machines that first arrived at Indy so many years ago and have since set their share of records, they can still travel faster on the straightaway than the very latest four-cylinder Offenhauser. It is the determination of Lew Welch, the Michigan air-conditioner manufacturer who owns them, that one day one of his Novis is going to win the race.

No day for the Novi

Unhappily, this is no more likely to be the year of the Novi than previous ones. No. 49 Novi was scarcely able to get on the track at all. First it was the impeller on the supercharger which broke into pieces while turning at something like 40,000 rpm. Then, on a practice run last Saturday, the engine blew completely beyond repair—for this year's race. With young Dempsey Wilson at the wheel, Novi No. 47 seemed to be doing better and was turning laps at 143 or so last Saturday when it started spouting oil. At nightfall it was again in pieces, and only the most optimistic man in the garage would dare predict it would be ready to qualify, which it wasn't.

The absence of the Novis will be a loss to the race. As Wilson said after one exciting practice session, "With the Offies you watch your tachometer to see how fast you're going. With the Novis you watch it to find out when to slow down." At 7,800 rpm, the Novis turn up about 630 hp. At a little better than 5,000 rpm, the recommended top speed, the Offies produce only 375 hp.

Yet it will most surely be an Offie that ends up in front next Monday, and if there is anything to the law of averages at the Brickyard, the Offie will be riding in a car that A. J. Watson built. It is hard to figure the race any other way. **END**

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AN OLYMPIC CAMP-OUT

THE MAP on these pages is an invitation to see Rome and the 1960 Olympic Games this summer in an entirely new way—with a camp as your home base. While most Europeans are familiar with this way of spending a vacation (millions of them populate the hundreds of camps in Europe's scenic areas annually), relatively few Americans realize that camps offer a pleasant, convenient and, above all, a very economical way of living on—or off—the road.

The camps of Rome have a special significance in this Olympic year. Hotel space, in fact virtually every other type of accommodation, has long since been sold out. Camps, therefore, offer a last-minute opportunity to see the Games. At Helsinki in 1952, camp sites—for the most part purely informal ones—took care of thousands of visitors who could not find accommodations elsewhere. This summer in Rome judicious planning by the housing office in the use of camps is expected to solve the vexing question of where to stay for some 30,000 of the city's anticipated 250,000 Olympic visitors. "And if necessary," says Olympic press official Giuseppe Sabelli, "we could get 100,000 persons settled in camps."

The map shows the location of 13 of the largest camps in the area

continued

20 miles. Via Appia Nuova
 in Volturno, south of Lago
 di Bracciano. To open late July 1
 area, 300 campers

PIACENZA

LAGO ALBANO
 (camping area)

FRONTI DI NEMI
 (camping area)



of the Olympic Games. It can be seen that most are within walking distance of one or another of the Olympic arenas. The rest are within easy driving distance.

Since the 1960 Olympic Games fall at the peak of the Roman tourist season, the biggest problem for anxious Italian Olympic officials was the lack of adequate housing facilities. Rome has always been hampered by a scarcity of hotels. But over a year ago Olympic, national and Rome tourist officials pooled their resources. All of the city's facilities were tapped, from the finest hotels to schools and dormitories. "No one will sleep in the streets," said Sabelli. "Everyone will have a bed."

Camps are an important reason why this promise can be kept. Olympic officials concentrated on adding more camps and expanding the existing ones near the heart of the Olympic Games area.

There is no doubt that the camps will prove popular with the Germans, Austrians, Scandinavians and Swiss, who are Europe's most enthusiastic campers. They like to rough it while saving money. But there is no reason at all why many Americans shouldn't camp out at the Olympics. In fact, for those Americans who have not made hotel or pension reservations, the camps may provide the only access to the Games, since no tickets will be issued without proof of accommodations.

There are other inducements to camping out. The camps are more conveniently located than most hotels. Campers will escape the monumental traffic jams certain to develop on Rome's narrow streets. All of the camps are less expensive than any of the hotels. The average price per night for an adult will be 250 lire, or 40 cents. A family of two adults and two children with a car can figure on \$1.84 for an overnight stay at a camp. An average first-class hotel room in Rome, by contrast, would cost \$10 and up for one person.

All of the camps are pleasantly situated under pines and other shade trees. Like most European camps, the Roman ones will be clean and safe for children. All are equipped with efficient sanitary facilities. For those who do not want to walk or drive their own cars, there are bus lines handy to

transport them to and from the various stadiums. Since parking areas are up to six miles from the sports sites, campers might do well to go by bus.

Cooking will be no problem at the camps. General stores are near by that will sell everything from frozen pre-cooked spaghetti, ravioli, chicken and the like, to fresh vegetables, bread, wine, tobacco, soap, toothpaste and even stamps. Part of the fun of camping out at the Olympics could be going to the local markets to shop side by side with the Italian housewives. A camper is likely to learn more about how people live and eat in Rome in his short stay than many tourists do in years of travel to Italy.

Bring your cookstove

As in most European camps, camping tables and fire grates are not supplied by the camps set up for the Games. Campers will have to bring their own portable cookstoves, tables and chairs. Unless you have brought your own gear from the U.S., you will do well to buy it in Rome or in Germany (the Germans have excellent equipment at low prices). None of the camps or sports shops in Rome plan to rent camping gear for the Olympics—the time is too short and the demand will be too great. Some of the camps, however, will sell a good tent for two for as low as \$40. The manager of Monte Antenne, Domenico Viggi, says, "The camp will fill the largest order for all type tents and other camping equipment in an hour or two."

Americans who do not bring their own cars to Italy can, of course, rent one of the small European cars. A Fiat 500, for example, costs \$8 a day and, like others, gets progressively cheaper the longer you use it. An even better idea is to rent a Volkswagen bus. A family of four can sleep in it and dispense with the bother of putting up a tent in the camping area.

Although the Rome camps are set up to handle a large number of Olympic visitors, reservations are essential. They can be made by writing to the Ufficio Alloggi Olimpici (Olympic housing office), 21 Piazza Barberini, Rome, requesting a camper's form. On receipt of the filled-out form, the housing office will let the camper know the name and address of the Rome camp site to which he has been assigned.

—CARL BEHR



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**The Washington Senators
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recapture an old serenity**

by GERALD HOLLAND

COOKIE LAVAGETTO, the manager of the Washington Senators, looked up and down the long luncheon table in a corner of the tearoom atop Woodrums' furniture store in Charleston, W.Va. He had the imperturbable air of a man who, having finished in eighth place in the American League for the last three years, is beyond further surprise in this life.

Cookie stared down at the wreckage of strawberry shortcake on his dessert plate. He raised up his head and turned to the only woman present, Mrs. William O. Abney, a sprightly gray-haired lady who is known as Mrs. Baseball for her years of devotion to the Charleston team.

"Mrs. Abney," said Cookie with a courtly bow. Then, glancing around the table, he went on: "Mayor Shanklin, Mr. Woodrum, Manager Wilber, General Manager Milkes, directors of the Charleston club, coaches, sportswriters and radio announcers—have I mentioned everybody?"

Everybody laughed except me. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry—for years ago I had attended many a civic booster luncheon like this one and listened to the manager of a chronic second-division ball club put the best face on things. My old team was the St. Louis Browns. I had been a schoolboy fan, and when I grew up I worked for several years in the front office. Out of this experience I could almost predict what Cookie was going to say: the boys had been losing some games they should have won, injuries were plaguing the team, somebody was pitching better than

the record indicated, once things shook down the club couldn't help but get going and, while it wasn't (speaking frankly now) a pennant contender this year, why it would be right up there giving the leaders a lot of trouble.

"To give you a rundown on our ball club," said Cookie, rearranging the silverware on the table, "as you know, we've been losing a lot of ball games by one run, and if we can just reverse this trend, why, I think we'll be up there battling for top position." Cookie went on to say that, of course, the leg injury suffered by Harmon Killebrew had hurt the team, but he hoped for Harmon to be back

continued



*A familiar second-division
tableau: the manager decides
the pitcher has lost his stuff*

in the lineup on this road trip. Pedro Ramon, who at the time had an 0 and 4 record because his teammates couldn't get the runs for him, was just bound to start winning—it stood to reason. Washington had a real stopper, maybe the best pitcher in

baseball, in Camilo Pascual (who had pitched 15 straight scoreless innings up to now) and a couple of great hitters in Bob Allison, one of the league's leading batmen, and Jim Lemon. Earl Battey, obtained in the \$150,000 deal that sent Roy Sievers to the White Sox, appeared to be solving the Senators' problem behind the

plate. All in all, Cookie had a good case, and, as he said, his principal job now was "to keep the boys up there spiritually and mentally."

Only thing was that Washington was in seventh place and skidding toward eighth. Undeniably, as Cookie said, it was a better ball club than the one that had finished last three years in a row—a condition that once caused Cookie himself to break out in a psychosomatic all-over itch. But that was old stuff now. This was the hopeful time of year (Cookie hadn't scratched himself once), and a second-division ball club could explain things away—even poor attendance. Washington, for instance, was running considerably behind last year's gate at home, but blame the horrible weather for that.

Cookie wound up by saying that Washington would be sending Charleston (its farm club affiliate in the American Association) another player later in the week, and he hoped that the boy might make the difference for the local team—also in second division at the moment.

After the luncheon almost everybody went off to take naps before the night exhibition between the Senators and Charleston. Although the game created some inconvenience for the parent club, Washington President Cal Griffith had obliged because Charleston was also having its troubles at the gate (bad weather again here) and had asked for the exhibition to supplement other pump-priming stunts, which included a radio announcer refusing to shave until the ball park had been filled to capacity once, and another fellow sitting up on top of the scoreboard night and day until the same happy event occurred.

It was all as I so fondly remembered it. I had found in Charleston, and in Washington, too (and was soon to find again in Detroit), what I was trying to recapture—the serenity of second-division baseball. It had been a joy to see the Yankees and Senators play the previous Saturday. The attendance had been 7,552. No parking problems. No battling through crowds at the gate, no noise, no commotion around the hot dog stands. Just unadulterated comfort with nobody to stop you from draping yourself over five seats in a whole section of the grandstand that you had practically all to yourself—except for the sparrows that flew in to peck at

Mare Street



*There may be no joy in the dugout of an eighth-place team,
but there is solid comfort and elbow room up in the stands*

the old popcorn littering the aisles. As usually happens with a true second-division ball club, the Senators looked like world beaters before the small crowd. Pascual shut out the Yankees with four hits and struck out Mickey Mantle three times. It was an ideal game for the small hard core of Senator fans. They could yell and make themselves heard all over the grandstands and even down on the field. One man sitting near me, obviously a regular, called out as every Yankee batter approached the plate, "All right, Camilo! No sweat, no sweat! Take it easy. This guy's a bum." Here and there in the grandstand other regulars turned to nod their approval.

Pascual's superior performance on Saturday helped to draw 17,637 to the Sunday game. As used to be the case with the old Browns before large crowds, the Senators looked their worst. They lost 11-2. The game itself was not the only irritant to the regulars. The crowd made an awful racket and kept crowding the hot dog stands and other conveniences, and there was no place for sparrows to light. The regulars had to make themselves fit into single seats. The man whose rooting had been heard perfectly the day before was drowned out entirely. He looked utterly miserable.

Letters to Cookie

Miserable as they sometimes are, Washington fans are dedicated. Nor are they confined to Washington. Cookie Lavagetto gets a torrent of mail from all parts of the country. Recently the entire population of Windham, Mont. (an even 100) signed a telegram to Cookie just to say Windham was solidly behind him. A letter from a lady in San Francisco told Cookie that she had a deep-down feeling that he was going to beat somebody this year—"land knows who." Six convicts in a Maryland prison signed a letter telling how they were caught in a nest of Baltimore fans and imploring Cookie to beat the Orioles if he beat nobody else.

In Washington, Mrs. Ruth Allen was taken ill this spring and missed her first Senators game in 25 years. Miss Isabelle Parkes has had the same box seat since 1926, but she confesses that she is actually partial to the New York Yankees. Johnny Morrissey, for 41 years the ticket manager for the Senators, says that the old neighborhood around the ball park has changed

and people within walking distance don't come as regularly as before.

It was the same story with the old Browns and their small but loyal following of discerning fans who appreciated the comforts of an uncrowded grandstand. Thinking about that on the day Pascual shut out the Yankees, I wandered through the near-empty stands looking for modern improvements that had been made since my days at Sportsman's Park (now Busch Stadium) in St. Louis. I didn't see much difference until I got to the press room, which, like all the others around the circuit, is equipped to serve top sirloin and chopped steak platters and strong drinks. This was a distinct advance over the old Browns press room, which was a room in a tenement next to the press gate. It featured peeling wallpaper and a washtub full of iced beer. On double-header days a boy was sent to the drugstore for sandwiches, which were distributed to the working press between games.

I went up to the Washington club's offices and paid a visit to President Griffith. I told him about the old Browns and the drugstore sandwiches, and then I asked him if he sold old baseballs. He looked at me incredulously. "Certainly not!" he exclaimed. "Why, we lose so many balls in the stands we have to use new ones for batting practice." I explained that the Browns had a corps of ushers who would fight like tigers to recover a ball hit in the stands. The batting-practice balls were used until they were warped, and then Miss Peggy Murphy, the bookkeeper, put them on sale in the front office for 25¢ each. Semipro and amateur teams snapped them up, and the venture brought in a nice dollar.

Mr. Griffith said baseball wasn't that kind of shoestrapping operation any more. He said old Clark Griffith had won a world championship in the '20s with an annual payroll of \$125,000. Now, he said, the Senators have a payroll, for players and office help, of \$50,000 every two weeks.

I told Mr. Griffith I was charmed with the comforts of second-division, even eighth-place, baseball. Mr. Griffith said he was sorry, but he wasn't charmed at all. I said somebody had to be last, and Mr. Griffith agreed but said that he wished it would be somebody else. Three straight years in eighth place, he said, was more

than enough of the cellar for him.

I said I had to admit that this ball club was different. With Allison and Lemon hitting that ball, with Killebrew due back soon, with Pascual going great guns and Ramos just overdue for a streak, I said this ball club was going places. No pennant this year, I said, but up there making trouble for the leaders.

I used to say that about the old Browns every spring. I hadn't learned much. A few days later we flew into Detroit on our first-class charter plane, dropped the first game to the Tigers (another heart-breaker for Ramos) and slipped into eighth place by 10 percentage points. But next day Camilo Pascual came through again, shut out the Tigers 3-0 in 11 innings, and the Senators bounced back to seventh.

It was a perfect game to watch. There were just 4,904 paying customers. A man could find his five seats just about anywhere he wanted. He could walk up to the hot dog stands and pick out the particular dog that



In eighth place, birds have room to eat old popcorn

was done to his liking. He could turn around and call a hitter or a pitcher or an umpire a bum and have the pleasure of seeing his target look up to see where the insult came from.

It was peace, it was wonderful, it was good old eighth place where a man has plenty of elbow room—and the sparrows have a feast on the old popcorn.

END

SPECTACLE

Photographed by Walker Evans

Beauties of the Past



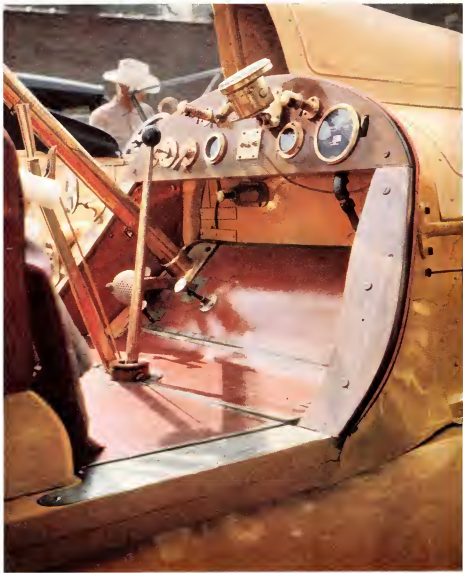
ONE of the pleasantest ways to escape the savage rhythms of modern life, as the owners of the venerable cars shown on the following pages have discovered, is to don goggles and dusters and drive with all deliberate speed into the tranquil past. From the moment a man swings a crank handle and hears an antique engine give an answering tocketa-toc-toc-toc, thoughts of rock 'n' roll idiocies, switchblade delinquency and fallout jeopardy fade blessedly away, and the silent gears of the mind shift back to a time happily remembered for the unhurried pleasures of harvest dinners and long draughts of well water from a tin dipper.

Passengers aboard the 89 shiningly restored old cars that will roll through south central Michigan next weekend in the sixth annual WOODland Tour (it is sponsored by WOOD-TV of Grand Rapids) will be doubly blessed. The tear-it-down-and-build-it-cheaper blight of this age has not yet obliterated the period charm of the elm-shaded towns en route. A number of unsophisticated Main Streets, like Middleville's (left), visited by the tour last year, have not completely forgotten the cracker barrel and the cigar store Indian.

When the high-wheeled old beauties on these pages, along with accompanying Pierce-Arrows, Overlands, Stutzes, Knoxes and such, chuff into such places as Muir and Pewamo and Eagle, the townspeople will come arunning to finger the brightwork and look back nostalgically for a little while, too.

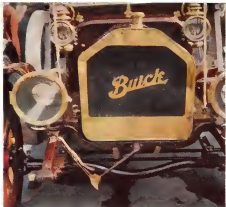
1914 APPERSON JACK RABBIT

Burnished wood and gleaming brass testify to the meticulous labors of Lawrence Baum, Hastings, Mich., in restoring dilapidated but rare old speedster (75 mph) whose 45-hp engine had been ignominiously used to turn a lathe. Baum paid \$150 for it, spent additional \$1,500.



1910 BUICK ROADSTER

Glistening 16-hp runabout was a mud-covered eyesore in 1950 when Floyd Colley of Ionia, Mich., traded a TV set for it. Under hood, says Colley, is "the smoothest 2-cylinder engine ever made."



1909 MODEL T FORD

Wood body, kerosene head lamps are among nostalgic items laboriously assembled from all over the country by Arthur C. Doering of Grand Rapids for his 23-hp, four-passenger collector's item.

1911 CADILLAC TOURER

High-topped, spoke-wheeled touring model with a copper water-jacketed engine stood idle for 36 years before Doyle Stratton of Grand Rapids, Mich., in 1956 won four-year campaign to buy it.





1914 BUICK TOURER

Hula-Hoop-sized spare tire (diameter 32 inches) requiring 60 pounds of pressure adorns four-square old favorite—first with an electric starter. Owner Basil Lewis of Kalamazoo restored it from near-junk state.

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A grin four lengths wide



Ussery's triumphant smile reflected the ease of his Preakness win on Bally Ache

A NUMBER of jockeys and trainers either forgot or ignored a vital piece of horse racing strategy at Baltimore's Pimlico race course last Saturday and were swiftly penalized for this mass mental lapse.

After watching Bally Ache's 25 previous races, they all certainly appreciated one simple fact: if you don't run at this colt both quickly and continually, he's gone—for good. But, in the 84th Preakness, in which he was opposed by only five other colts, none of Bally Ache's opponents chose to act on this knowledge. The result was an easy four-length victory after a brilliant tactical ride by Jockey Bob Ussery (above).

All week in Baltimore the Bally Ache camp (the happy entourage of Former Owner Leonard Fruchtmann and the crowd accompanying New Owner Joe Arnold) was bubbling over with optimism. While Venetian Way's trainer, Vic Savinsky, put out an early and repeated signal that the Derby winner just might not care too much for Pimlico's deep, sandy track, the Bally Ache boys beamed around the clock. Joe Arnold cornered Trainer Jimmy Pitt on the eve of the race and said, "Who do we have to be most frightened of?" Pitt rolled a pair of bloodshot eyes back at Arnold and cracked, "Nobody."

Pitt wasn't exactly whistling *Dixie* either. Part of the morning of the race he spent drinking champagne with friends in his hotel room, and when someone suggested that this might be construed as a slightly premature celebration, Bally Ache's trainer rolled those eyes again and said, "We've had our luck with this colt. And our luck isn't running out yet."

When Ussery appeared in the paddock, Pitt had the word for him, too. "If you can slow it down enough to do the first half in :50 we're home free. When you hit that far turn, open up five lengths and they'll never come close to you." Ussery was put aboard, and the smiling face of this pleasant Oklahoma youth suddenly turned dead serious. "From the moment I got on him," he recalled later, "I knew he was ready to run. He took hold of the bit and everything about the way he moved and acted told me he was set." As Ussery moved off toward the post parade, he leaped over for one last word to Jimmy Pitt. "We'll win it," he said.

As he shot off to the lead at the start, Ussery brought Bally Ache from his inside post position out to mid-track almost as if he were inviting some of his pursuers to run into an early trap. "Not quite," he said later. "I wanted to control 10 feet of the track before I hit the first turn. If I was both wide and on top, I knew I could swing into that turn with a two-length lead."

continued

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He carried it off perfectly. Venetian Way, Bill Hartack up, was closest, but Ussery, who has never exactly been known as a professor of pace, had by now succeeded in his first objective. He had slowed the pace down to :24 $\frac{1}{2}$ for the first quarter and :48 $\frac{1}{2}$ for the half. He had a tight hold on his horse, and if anyone wanted to range up and challenge him he was ready—and so was Bally Ache. "The key to this whole thing," said Ussery, "was those first fractions. In the Derby I did the first quarter in :23 $\frac{1}{2}$ and the half in :46 $\frac{1}{2}$. The Derby time for six furlongs was 1:11 flat; today I slowed it down to 1:13 $\frac{1}{2}$. When everyone else took back off me they just didn't realize I wasn't going as fast as they expected me to."

"When I saw that 1:13 2 5," said Trainer Pitt, "I knew there wasn't a horse around who could hope to catch us. Bobby fooled 'em with his slow pace, and I knew we were home free."

Home free it was, too. Venetian Way and Divine Comedy made only feeble efforts to overhaul Bally Ache nearing the far turn. Ussery whacked his mount a couple of times rounding the turn as Venetian Way made a

final and futile run at him, but the race was really over. Once leading by five lengths, he still had four at the finish over Victoria Park.

Favored Venetian Way tired badly and finished fifth. If he had any excuse at all (barring a slight cut on his right front coronet), it would have to be the same one that Bally Ache could fall back on for his Kentucky Derby defeat: he just did not run his true race. Bally Ache, on the other hand, most certainly did. And the more one sees of this remarkable creature the more one is forced to admire him and his marvelous talent. Incidentally, in eight meetings between Bally Ache and Venetian Way, Bally Ache has now beaten his rival six times—a ratio which strongly suggests that Bally Ache is the better horse.

The mile and three-sixteenths of the Preakness didn't bother Bally Ache in the least. This points up something that Jimmy Pitt has been saying for a long time: "If nobody hooks this colt in the first half mile, he's capable of running five miles or more." With this in mind—and with the knowledge that few 3-year-olds who were not in the Preakness are going to be serious threats in the immediate future—the Joe Arnold

syndicate will surely send Bally Ache to the June 11 Belmont Stakes.

The course for Venetian Way, however, hasn't been precisely plotted. Trainer Sovinski was openly disappointed—as he has been before—in Hartack's ride. "I was surprised," he said, "that a rider like Hartack wouldn't realize the slow pace." Hartack's general attitude about riding Venetian Way, which Sovinski describes as "all wrong," has also apparently cost the temperamental jockey any chance for future rides on the Derby winner. "There seems to be," says Sovinski, "no point in going on together."

The happiest people at Pimlico were, of course, the members of the Arnold syndicate. In winning \$121,000 in their first start as owners of Bally Ache, they saw the colt's earnings move up to \$664,527. Their ultimate objective is to surpass Round Table's world-record total of \$1,749,869. When you consider that at the same stage of his career, Round Table had earned only \$148,051 you appreciate how well Bally Ache is doing.

In fact, the way that Bally Ache mopped up his Preakness field, even champion Round Table might have had trouble catching him. **END**

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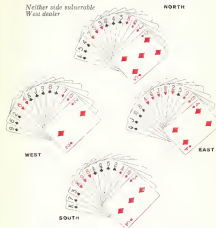
It's simpler in slow motion

KIBITZING a touch-and-go bridge hand can be like watching a duel. In bridge, however, the lunges, parries, feints and delicate maneuvers for position are in slow motion—which should make them easier to follow and understand. Yet, unless the kibitzer watches with an educated eye, he may go away shaking his head over the miracles performed by the experts.

He shouldn't be that impressed. Often, as in the hand below, victory is simply a matter of counting tricks and points. You do that every time you bid a hand.

Neither side vulnerable
West dealer

NORTH



WEST

EAST

SOUTH

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
PASS	PASS	1♥	1 N.T.
PASS	3 N.T.	PASS	PASS
PASS			

Opening lead: heart 6

First let me describe the play without any explanations. East put the heart 10 on the first trick, and South let him keep the lead. East shifted to the spade queen and won the trick when the others played the 3, 2 and 4. East continued with the jack of spades, and dummy won with the ace, returning a low heart. East climbed

up with the ace of hearts and led the 5 of clubs. Declarer let this run to the board's 10, but West won with the club jack and got out with a spade.

The defenders had won four tricks; declarer could take his king of hearts and four diamond tricks, but the club finesse had to succeed if he were to win a ninth trick. West's king of clubs won the setting trick.

Why did South play as he did? How did East know he should abandon his best suits and shift to his singleton club? Let's take it in slow motion.

To begin, South knew he could count on eight tricks, including the king of hearts. With a club finesse, he could make nine. But his problem was to make sure he could make nine, even if the clubs fell badly. Thus, when East played the 10 of hearts in hopes he could force South's king, South ducked. This insured that if East continued the suit and knocked out declarer's king, West would not be able to lead hearts if he won a later trick. East, undismayed, shifted to spades, probing for a weak spot. His partner's deuce was discouraging. Obviously, South held the king, but East hoped West might hold four spades, and he continued that suit.

When the second heart lead put East in with the ace it was time for him to do some figuring. South's no-trump overall showed the same as an opening no-trump bid—16 to 18 points. His high cards in three suits were known because if he did not hold the ace of diamonds he would have led that suit at once. So East counted 10 points and knew that South must hold at least six in clubs. It was unlikely these were king-queen-jack or South would have tried to knock out the ace immediately. If he had ace-king, he had nine tricks regardless. So it was right to assume that he had the ace-queen—but not the jack, else he would have taken a club finesse. This is the way East figured the hand—and set the contract.

What would have happened had East not shifted to clubs? Assume that he continued spades. South would win, cash his king of hearts and run four tricks in diamonds. Then he would lead the 10 of clubs from dummy and let West win the trick. With nothing left but clubs, West would have had to yield the last two tricks to South's ace and queen.

EXTRA TRICK

Even the most erratic players usually stick to the required points when they bid no trump. When declarer has opened or overcalled in no trump, at some point in the play you will be able to call his exact hand simply by counting up the value of what he has already played.

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for living.*

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A Chinese way with duck

A SPANISH SAYING has it that "in order to be a whole person one must fight a bull, write a book, have a son and plant a tree." Doreen Feng de Badell, the sportswoman and Chinese diplomat's daughter shown at the left, has done everything the Spanish dictum calls for, and more. Mrs. Badell, who was born in Peru and now lives in New York, has distinguished herself as a golfer and horsewoman in Mexico, as a skier in California and Canada, as a teen-age table tennis whiz in India and as an amateur bullfighter in the practice rings of Mexico and Spain. Moreover, she can cook.

Doreen Badell became a practiced world traveler as a result of the fact that her father, His Excellency Chih-Tsing Feng, recently retired as Chiang Kai-shek's ambassador to Mexico, was a career diplomat. Along the way she has also become an artist of accomplishment and the author of a book entitled *The Joy of Chinese Cooking*.

In Mexico, Doreen's enthusiasm for bullfighting—not just as an aficionado but as a painter who wanted to depict the action of the *corridó*—led her to a year of cape-work lessons from the matador Jesus Cordoba and eventually to a chance to fight brave cattle at Pastajé, the 4,000-acre breeding ranch owned since his retirement by Carlos Arraza. Afterward, on a visit to Spain, the great Juan Belmonte became her tutor. In horsemanship her teacher was Mexico's incomparable General Humberto Mariles. Until their meeting, Doreen says, she "couldn't feed sugar to a horse," but she soon became one of the most active riders in the Mexican National Equestrian Association. Still a member of the board of the association, she devotes a good deal of time to arranging courses that take American youngsters to Mexico for instruction by the general.

"I've always been lucky in the training I've had," Doreen Badell said the other day. "I couldn't help but learn about horses from General Mariles or about bulls from a matador like Belmonte, could I?" She pays the same tribute to the Chinese cook who prepared embassy dinners for her family in Mexico City. "He is a Cantonese who has earned the title of Daa: See Foo, which means Grand Maestro of the Culinary Arts, and he was as fine a teacher as any of those who coached me in sports."

For Chinese food as it should taste, she emphasizes

that good soy sauce is essential. A second important accent is a mixture of powdered spices called *kesang leu fan* ("spices of the five fragrances"), which combines two kinds of anise, fennel, clove and cinnamon. Such ingredients are not too difficult to find because "wherever there is more than one Chinese family there is almost inevitably a Chinese restaurant or grocery shop." Here is Doreen's recipe for a delicious version of Chinese duck.

TAIWAN DUCK (serves four)

1 large duck (about 5 pounds)	soy sauce
2 Spanish onions, coarsely chopped	vegetable oil
1 medium-size fresh ginger root, minced	salt and pepper
1 clove garlic, minced	¼ cup good sherry
2 teaspoons sugar	1 teaspoon <i>kesang leu fan</i>
	2 tablespoons cornstarch
	1 pound spinach

Fry the onions in vegetable oil with the minced ginger and garlic until golden. Add the sugar, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, salt and pepper, the sherry and *kesang leu fan*. Cook until onions are tender. Use this mixture to stuff the duck.

Sew up the duck (but do not truss) and rub it with soy sauce. Brown it in oil on all sides until it is caramel-colored, using a deep, heavy pan just large enough for the duck. Pour off the fat and add enough boiling water to cover all but about ½ inch of the duck's topside (pour the water in against the side of the pot; don't slosh it over the bird). Add 1 teaspoon salt, and when the water returns to the boil cover the pot and simmer slowly for at least 3 hours. After 2 hours' cooking, taste sauce for seasoning, adding more salt if necessary.

When the duck is really tender, remove it carefully and put it in a warm oven. Skim fat from sauce, which will have reduced by about two-thirds. Take ½ cup sauce and beat the spinach in it for 10 to 12 minutes. Meanwhile, add enough water to 2 tablespoons cornstarch to make a smooth paste and add this to the remaining duck sauce. Cook until the sauce thickens. To serve, lay the spinach in a ring on a platter and place the duck in the center. Pour the sauce over the duck.

When in season, fresh snow peas (available at Chinese groceries) may be used to garnish Taiwan duck. Prepare the peas for cooking by removing the strings on the pods. Bring a pan of water to a rolling boil. Add 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon oil and ½ teaspoon sugar. Toss in the snow peas, and as soon as the water returns to a rolling boil (a matter of seconds) drain the peas and serve; they should be crisp and beautifully green.

Photograph by Louise Duval-Wolfe

EXOTIC DIAM served by Mrs. Doreen Feng de Badell in her New York City apartment is duck with spinach, snow peas and rice.

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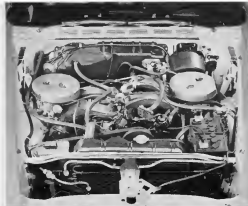
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Pittsburgh's gang of pesky heroes

The Pirates seldom look like winners, but nobody seems to know how to make them lose

IT was reported in local papers that the two best teams in the National League were to be at each other's throats in a three-game series, yet the sign outside Forbes Field clearly said: "Baseball today: Pirates vs. Giants." Both couldn't be right. To citizens who have been less concerned recently with baseball standings than checking the horizon for strange-looking rockets, the whole setup sounded fishy.

The Giants, sure, with all their muscles and speed and the best pitching staff in either league. But the Pirates—what were they doing up there? So the curious went inside, by the thousands, to find out. Twelve innings and three and a half hours later, they knew.

The Pittsburgh Pirates are a team that can wear you out just watching them. To play against them is torture. They protect the plate, they slice doubles into the opposite field, they bounce singles over your head off the hardest-packed infield in all baseball; they bunt, they walk, they hit and run. Almost never do they strike out. They are always standing in front of your line drives, they turn base hits into outs, they cut you down trying to stretch a single. Almost never do they make an error, at least not when it counts. Their pitchers keep the ball over the plate, low, and you break your back trying to hit it out of the park. You would be eligible for your pension before they'd give you a walk. And then along

about the 27th inning they score a run somehow, and the ball game is over. So you go home and sleep a couple of hours and get up and have to face it all over again. It is very frustrating.

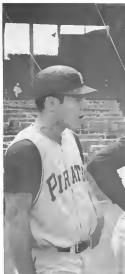
The Giants were frustrated last Friday. They tied up the game at 3-3 on Willie McCovey's home run with one out in the ninth and thought they had won it by scoring a run in the top of the 12th. This, however, only set off some kind of signal which the Pirates have in their dugout—a signal that lets them know it is past the ninth inning and time to play ball.

"Let's go," said Dick Groat. "We need only two runs to win."

IT WAS EASY

For the Pirates, who won 19 of 21 extra-inning games last year, two runs in the 12th inning is a breeze. Gino Cimoli grounded out, but Don Hoak singled to center. Groat, who is something of an uncrowned genius at this sort of thing, first fouled off four pitches, then doubled between two of the Willies, Mays and Kirkland, to score Hoak. Bob Skinner was walked, intentionally. Dick Stuart hit a fly ball so far into left field that Orlando Cepeda ran into the score-board and knocked Washington clean out of the American League.

But he also caught the ball, and there were two out. The next batter was Roberto Clemente, and this season the fans in Pittsburgh wouldn't trade Clemente even up for Ty Cobb. Clemente hit the first pitch on a screaming line into right field and Groat romped home. The Pirates were one and a half games head of the fabled Giants, five games ahead of



BIG MEN IN THE PIRATE LINEUP.

the once-deadly Braves, nine games ahead of the World Champion Los Angeles Dodgers. They had just won their ninth game in 10 starts, and they had had an earlier nine-game winning streak. In the course of the evening Clemente (.878) had passed Mays (.365) for the batting lead and McCovey (.31-29) for the runs-batted-in lead. And the Pirates' management was celebrating the third-largest crowd (39,439 paid) in Forbes Field history.

On Saturday the Giants proved that might does sometimes triumph by edging Pittsburgh 3-1, but on Sunday the Pirates were at it again. Behind 4-0, they scrambled back into a tie, took the lead, fell behind 7-5, tied up the game in the ninth on Skinner's two-run homer and—there goes the signal—won it in the 11th. Somehow, it seemed inevitable.

The thing that fools everyone about the Pirates is that they don't really look like much of a ball club, although by now the National League should realize that this actually is a clever disguise. This is much the same team which came close in 1958, threatening the Braves toward the end of the season after a stumbling start, and which came much closer in 1959 than it should have, considering



MAZEROSKI, CLEMENTE, STUART, BURGESS AND SKINNER (LEFT TO RIGHT), WATCH BATTING PRACTICE WITH PROFESSIONAL CALM

that Bob Friend was fat and unable to win more than eight games, Bill Mazeroski was fat and unable to play second base, Clemente was out half the season with an injured elbow, and Bob Skinner, the best hitter in the lineup, tried to knock down a fence in Milwaukee early in the year and never completely recovered. Now Friend and Mazeroski are lean and mean again, performing admirably; Skinner, batting almost .350 and driving in runs, is perhaps the best left-hand hitter in the league, and Clemente—well, Clemente is unbelievable.

Roberto is playing his sixth big league season at the age of 25, and although he has had good years before (he hit .311 in 1956) this spring he has been a cross between Aaron and Mays. A handsome kid out of Puerto Rico, with the trim, tapering body of an Olympic diver, he runs like the wind, makes impossible catches and throws out base runners with one of the best arms in baseball. He hits with power to all fields, and this year no one has been able to get him out. Clemente is what ballplayers call a hot dog, but no Pirate objects so long as he continues to be a hot hot dog with that bat.

All the Pirates seem to be swinging hot bats: Clemente and Skinner,

Smoky Burgess, Gino Cimoli, Dick Groat. Dick Stuart, who has been pressing too hard in an attempt to hit a few of his beloved home runs, struck out 35 times in the first 30 games, a pace which puts him well ahead of Vince DiMaggio's treasured record (134 strikeouts in 1938), but the Pirates are not worried about Stuart. They are certain he will hit. What worries them is pitching.

DRAGON LAW

The bullpen is not in bad shape, with Fred Green and Jim Umbricht lending a hand to Roy Face, and Friend, of course, seems likely to win 20 games again. Maybe young Joe Gibbon, who is improving, will give Danny Murtaugh the fourth starter he has been looking for. But Harvey Haddix has been unable to go nine innings without tiring, and Bennie Daniels still cannot find the plate. It is very fortunate then—if the Pirates really intend to win the National League pennant—that they have Vernon Law. He has become about as indispensable to this ball club as one man can get.

Duncan Law is a tall (6-foot 3-inch), 30-year-old farmer out of Idaho, with blue eyes, curly blond hair, a western drawl and a pleasant smile. He is an

elder in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, a lay preacher who talks to Mormon groups on Sunday mornings in cities all around the league, then goes out and beats their ball clubs in the afternoon in a very un-Christian way. Last year, having finally absolved himself of all the shoulder and arm trouble which plagued his early Pirate years, Law won 18 games, lost only nine and turned in a very fine 2.98 ERA. This season he has been even better, the first pitcher in the league to win six games, and, along with Friend, he seems to be the only one on the staff capable of finishing what he starts.

"He's got a good fast ball," says Burgess, who rooms with Law on the road, "and a good slider. He throws them both at different speeds. He's got great control and he's smart. He's just a good pitcher. He may be the best pitcher in the league."

Vernon Law's wife is named VaNita, and the four boys are named Veldon, Veryl, Vance and Vaughan. "We kinda hoped the last one would be a girl," Vern says. "We were going to call her Victory and quit."

If the Pirates can keep hitting and all the other pitchers help out Law and Friend, Vern may get his Victory after all, one way or another. **END**

MEN!



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CHESS

continued from page 17

Tal's favorite author is Mark Twain, and he wrote his dissertation, when he graduated from college, on Russian humorists. "I played soccer at the university," he went on. "I was goalkeeper. As a soccer player I was a good chess expert, and I guess my teammates were glad when I graduated." He studied philology at the University of Riga, speaks English as well as Latvian and Russian, and during a chess tournament in Yugoslavia he also learned Serb. Tal is a deputy of the Riga City Soviet, but his political duties are not arduous. "I attend meetings every two months or so," he said. "I sometimes keep office hours, when my constituents can bring me their requests and complaints. But they don't overburden me with that kind of work." Shortly before the Botvinnik match began, he was elected to the central committee of the Young Communist League of Latvia. When I asked him what assignment he was given as that capacity, he replied, "To win the world championship."

He has won it, and the Russian chess world is only slowly awakening to the magnitude of the change. "I never for a moment thought that my purpose in life was to become world champion," Tal said earnestly. "I still have a lot of time ahead of me, and nobody knows what may happen next year." He believes that the primary difference between the contemporary chess scene and that of the past is that, while formerly one or two figures towered over all others, there are now many world masters, closely matched in ability, promising constant struggle and the stimulus and inspiration of vital competition. When I asked Tal his opinion of the American champion Bobby Fischer, he said: "A very gifted chess player. Nobody else at the age of 16 has knocked at the door of the world championship. Perhaps he doesn't play as well as he thinks he does, but there is no question that he will go far. . . . But Bobby should read a lot more literature, and not only about chess. Right now he is the most glamorous figure in chess, because of his extreme youth, but if he doesn't watch out he will, with time, stop being a prodigy and become just an ordinary genius." **END**



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FRENCHMAN'S COVE
PORT ANTONIO POST OFFICE
JAMAICA, B.W.I.

HOW THE COOKY CRUMBLES AT FRENCHMAN'S COVE

by ROBERT COUGHLAN

The following letters, written to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Articles Editor Percy Knauth, are, in a manner of speaking, confidential. Not that there was anything secret about Writer Robert Coughlan's being sent to Jamaica, B.W.I., last winter to investigate rumors of a fabulous new resort being built there.

On the contrary, he was to find it, if it existed, and get the story. For reasons entirely beyond his control, however, he was unable to complete his mission. This leaves the editors with no alternative but to disclose these letters. They are the only proof the world will ever have that Coughlan went there at all.

Dear Percy:

This will be just a preliminary report, mainly to let you know that there is such a place as Frenchman's Cove, that it is in Jamaica (not Erehwon) and that Grainger Weston actually is in charge. Further to the latter point, just before leaving New York I got the financial report from London on his father, Garfield Weston, the "Cooky King," and the estimate is that his net worth is around \$50 million; which helps put this place in perspective. The \$3 million or so of the family fortune that son Grainger is putting into Frenchman's Cove is, I suppose, roughly comparable to one of us giving our kid money to build a rabbit hutch.

I wouldn't want that to sound bitter or anticapitalist, heaven knows. Far from it—I've always wanted to be rich. So has my wife; so have our families, far back on both sides. Not that we've cared about money as such, but many and many a time Patricia and I have thought what we could do with just a million or so. Or, as she has often put it, more felicitously and precisely: "I don't want to be a millionaire—I just want to live like one," a concept with which I absolutely agree and which



has added a strong element of stability to our marriage.

I mention this not only because it is a subject that is rather constantly on my mind, but so you will know that we were the right people to send on this special investigation. I've double-checked now, and the financial formula here actually does allege that for \$2,000 a couple can stay at Frenchman's Cove for two weeks and have *anything they want*. While this doesn't include carry-away goods, such as sable coats, or services inimical to public morality, it does include almost anything else you can think of. In other words (so they say), once you have paid the \$2,000 no money changes hands. No bar checks, no laundry bills, telephone charges or tipping; in fact, nothing. You don't even carry pocket money. For two weeks you actually live like a millionaire.

Happily enough, this will be beneficial to Frenchman's Cove also—for, due to your successful advance planning, we seem to be the very first fully paying, hence fully demanding, guests to arrive here. Through our efforts, therefore, the management will be able to test its own formula—to discover the maximum possible response that two people can make to this extraordinary challenge it has set up. I think it's especially fortu-

nate from both viewpoints that Patricia is along, for I can honestly say that I have never known a girl who can think of more reasons for spending money, or think of them faster, than she.

As I said, this is a preliminary report—we landed in Jamaica only two days ago—so don't expect too much yet. However, I imagine that you will be interested in what we have managed to do so far.

We had no sooner landed and entered the customs shed at Kingston than a man named Briscoe, Frenchman's local agent, approached us and informed us that a car and chauffeur were waiting for us outside. Later, as the luggage was being loaded, Mr. Briscoe fixed me with a kindly eye, shook my hand affectionately and said, "Now just go ahead and do anything you want. The car is yours any time you want it. And let me know if there's anything else you want—don't hesitate to call me."

There was no immediate chance to put these statements (which, I must say, struck me as preposterous) to the test, because we were tired from the trip and what we really wanted was dinner and a night's sleep. So we drove to the Blue Mountain Inn (Frenchman's had already made the reservation), a very nice place up in the hills back of Kingston. There, as

good luck had it, we ran into some friends from the U.S. Naturally we had several drinks to celebrate the occasion—a detail more significant than you might at first suppose. Frankly, you know how it is in accidental social situations like this: you're glad to see each other, but the chill question hangs in the air, "Who is going to reach for the check?" But then it hit me, and I heard myself saying in tones of complete sincerity, "What'll you have? Anything you want!" Patricia gave me a startled look; then she, too, remembered, and a slow, abstracted smile spread across her face. That night we ordered champagne with dinner. It is difficult for me to describe my emotions when I signed the bar and dinner checks, "Charge to Frenchman's Cove," adding 15% for tips and initialing the item with a flourish.

The next day we set off across the island for Frenchman's. It's about a three-hour drive along narrow mountain roads that wind along through quite marvelous tropical scenery, and so it was late afternoon by the time we arrived. From the outside you could see nothing of Frenchman's but a wall of hand-hewn Jamaican limestone. Driving in, you swing around to what they call the Gate House—a one-story building

continued

that holds a reception room, office and library. An attractive Jamaican woman named Mrs. Coote emerges and says that you are to call her whenever there's anything you want: meanwhile, your home is ready for you and the boys will escort you there.

The boys—several young, smiling Jamaicans—already are transferring your luggage to white, electric-powered golf buggies, which turn out to be the only transport allowed at Frenchman's. Your personal Austin sedan is always at the Gate House for trips outside, but for inside the grounds (and there are 34 acres to cruise around in) you have your personal buggy, complete with a chauffeur if you prefer one. So off we went, our baggage train streaming behind us, winding over hill and hollow through a regular botanical garden of iridescent flowers and fantastic green shapes, until we glided up a rise and came to our house.

There are 18 of these houses tucked away at various points around the cove, but each has so much space and tropical greenery that you are hardly aware of your neighbors. I soon learned that "house" is the word, not "cottage," for the good reason that they are houses—very substantial ones, with copper roofs and walls of hand-adzed limestone, similar to one another in general style but differing in design and ranging from one to three bedrooms (rates for four in a two-bedroom house and for six in a three-bedroom house remain to be fixed but will be correspondingly higher). They are air-conditioned, have fully equipped kitchens and are furnished to the last detail, including a good selection of phonograph records, books and magazines. Each is named for a plantation house of the days when Jamaica, like the old U.S. South, was a semifeudal society of slaves and wealthy landholding aristocrats, the plantocracy. Ours is called Pinnacle; the original was over west of Kingston, high on a hill, and ours

stands on the edge of a high coral cliff jutting out to sea. We have a combination of views: mountains behind us, the blue Caribbean in front and below and to the left the cove itself, a little jewel of white sand and palm trees and gentle surf flickering in between the coral headlands.

So much just now for the geography and the house. You enter and meet your maid-housekeeper—here at Pinnacle, a fine woman named Maud—who says, "Good day, sir. Good day, mum. I am to take care of you here. You are please to tell me whatever you want." Maud does all

David, to be served at Pinnacle, and two very dry double Martinis from Dudley. Then I very quickly sat down and prepared a list for Dudley's return, beginning with the various spirituous liquors, ranging through red, white and rose wines, beer and ale, the condiments, waters and flavorings of a well-tended bar, and ending with a mixed case of champagne. Against strong impulses I did not specify brands, in order to see what Frenchman's would produce. I am glad to say that when Dudley arrived at the head of a convey of golf buggies, and with a crew of

assistants stevedored the cases into several wall cabinets, the labels proved to be first-rate.

Now it is past 10 in the evening. Maud has turned down the sheets, taken our order for breakfast and left with a parting, "Good night, mum. If you think of anything else you want of me, please to leave word with Mrs. Coote at the Gate House." Patricia, complaining of a slight nervous headache, has gone to bed. I am staying up a while trying out the stereo hi-fi (around \$700, I estimate). The night air is soft and balmy, and I



The Cove itself, and the Great House, as seen from our Terrace at Pinnacle.

have the sliding glass panels in the walls pulled all the way back. There is a yellow moon in the sky, and from below I hear the rhythmic swish-boom-sigh of the surf sweeping into our cove. The whole effect is extremely soothing. I am reminded of the profound truth of another remark that Patricia has often made: "Rich people certainly have it better than poor people."

Regards to all. I will send another report soon.

FRENCHMAN'S COVE
JAMAICA, B.W.I.

Dear Percy:

I have made discoveries this week which I believe may be keys to some of the larger mysteries of Frenchman's Cove, the first of these being, of course, "How can they promise anything you want without risking bankruptcy, even at the high rates

I don't mind admitting that this rapid sequence of events left me a bit numb. Under the circumstances, I think I showed a good deal of resiliency. A minute or so after Patricia said, "Well, stop standing there with a silly look on your face," I ordered two thick medium-rare steaks from

they charge?" At least a partial answer, I now believe, lies in a pair of interrelated factors: one geographical, the other a psychological element previously unknown to me but obviously well understood by Grainger Weston.

As for geography, I learned that this whole area of northeast Jamaica is in the path of a current of warm, moist air from the eastern Caribbean. When it strikes the cool air of the coastal mountains the result is likely to be rain. Hence this northern side of the island gets a lot more rain than the southern side, and this eastern end gets more than the western, or Montego Bay, end. People here maintain that the extra rain really is an asset, since it is this which makes this area so lush and beautiful. The point is debatable—but not, as I now see, from Weston's point of view; for, because of this exceptional beauty, you do not want to go anywhere else. Thus on nice days you are effectively immobilized—and the management saves on gasoline, rubber, etc. But on rainy days you are also immobilized, of course, because all you want is to stay snug in your house with a good book and cheerful music, resting and catching up on your letter writing; again, simple and inexpensive pleasures.

Another feature of this climate and location is that you find yourself becoming progressively more relaxed in mind, soul and body. The blue skies (on dry days) and blue water, the balmy trade winds, the palms leaning gracefully over the half-moon beach of white sand, the quiet, the privacy, the natural harmony of rock, wave and flower—these things are better than Midtown. The result is that quite soon you actually begin to forget to want things.

A few examples will show how insidious this can be. Before leaving New York, I stuffed half a dozen packs of cigarettes into my briefcase to avoid the bother of buying any on the trip down; as it turned out, I still had several packs left when I arrived. Three days later I realized that I was absent-mindedly continuing to use these, burning up 30¢ of my own money with every pack. I called Dudley immediately, of course, and had him deliver two cartons. Still more curious was my lapse about caviar. It goes without saying that to live like a millionaire one needs to

have caviar in the house. Yet it was not until today that I remembered to ask Louis Chapman, the chef and maitre d'hôtel, to send over a two-pound tin; worse luck, he had run out and must order it from Kingston, with the result that almost a whole week of potential caviar consumption will have been lost forever out of my life.

And Patricia has been just as lax. The prepaid services, for instance, include a hairdresser, a Mrs. Sutherland, whose shop is five miles away in Port Antonio but who comes to your house by appointment. Instead of



Maud, with David L. and Simpson, our waiters.

having a coiffure every day, Patricia actually delayed until yesterday—and then slipped badly on a detail. As it happens, her hair is fine-textured and before being set needs to be rinsed in something to give it body; and years ago she found that beer is very good for this purpose. I had laid in two cases of beer—for the usual internal use—from Dudley the first day: a local brew called Red Star that I was curious to try and a case of Löwenbräu, the great Munich beer. Arriving at Pinnacle from the beach near the end of the hairdressing session, I looked in to say hello and to my dismay saw an empty bottle of Red Star!

Now Red Star is a good beer, easily the equal of most U.S. brands. But to use it instead of the aristocratic, much more expensive Löwenbräu showed a disregard for the standards we are trying to live up to, and I

pointed this out to Patricia rather sharply. She was apologetic and has promised to rinse only with Löwenbräu during the rest of our time here.

Now for the psychological factor that I mentioned earlier. Whether Grainger Weston actually is its discoverer I can't say, but pending a check in the files of the *American Journal of Psychiatry* I think it could be fittingly named the Frenchman's Cove Effect. I can best explain it by analogy.

As you know, when an electronic computer is supplied with too much data too rapidly it will balk, blow fuses and undergo the electronic equivalent of a nervous breakdown. Similarly, when the human mind is confronted with a great many simultaneous choices, ideas, invitations and items of unfamiliar information—a condition known in psychology as overloading—it becomes numbed and disoriented.

Thus the principle is not new. But where Weston has broken new ground is his imaginative exploitation of it in the field of human desire, i.e., by offering to fulfill all wishes he overwhelms and temporarily paralyzes the wish-fulfillment mechanism. In the ensuing scramble of wishes fighting for priority the mechanism short-circuits and few if any wishes actually get through.

Patricia withstood the initial shock much better than I. When Weston himself dropped in at Pinnacle last Tuesday and spoke the familiar phrase, she replied instantly that she wanted 1) to speak daily with our four children by transoceanic telephone, and 2) a yacht in which we could cruise to Ocho Rios and Montego Bay and back the next weekend. Weston fielded both wishes with masterful psychology. Telephone calls to other parts of the world were not part of the normal service, he said, but he would then and there change the rule in favor of mothers of four children—and, "I certainly hope you get through all right; the Jamaican telephone system isn't quite up to the standards of America." (The call took two days to complete and then produced only a few faint words among caterwauls of static; that was the end of telephoning.) As for the yacht, naturally one could be chartered for us; however, he hoped she had a very good stomach, since two days and nights on the

continued

open, rolling sea could be a severe test. For weekend sightseeing a chauffeur-driven car might be a great deal more comfortable, dependable and rewarding. (End of yacht idea.)

Following these two quick wishes—brilliantly conceived even though thwarted in the outcome—Patricia's wish mechanism very soon became jammed like mine; actually even more severely, for she has not had an important wish since and with an unwonted and rather eerie look of contentment has slipped into a life of simple luxury—the beach, good food and drink, a lot of rest and constant unobtrusive service from our wonderful staff. I, on the other hand, soon recovered enough to attempt the fulfillment of an old ambition of mine, to drink my own weight in vintage champagne (155 pounds, exclusive of the nonreturnable bottles).

However, this soon led me into direct collision with the Second Principle of the Frenchman's Cove Effect. To my surprise I found myself becoming fed up with champagne. Unable to believe this was happening, I pushed on—only to discover that I was beginning to look on it with actual revulsion and, conversely, was developing a wish for plain Coke or beer served with store cheese and crackers. Thinking that my broad previous inexperience with champagne might account for my failure, I decided to try the idea with steaks and ordered a thick, juicy, medium-rare, charcoal-broiled, perfectly aged, trimmed and seasoned porterhouse four nights running. Not only has this ruined steak for me, but in some curious way it has created the wish for a bacon, lettuce and tomato sandwich with a little mayonnaise. Inexpensive, yes; but Frenchman's wants me to have anything I want, and that's what I want for dinner tonight.

As a quondam student of business psychology (which is tied up with the quondam theory of physics) I am much impressed by the way Weston has worked these things out—but also rather surprised. He is deceptively unprepossessing: a youngish 36, fairly tall, rather thin-faced, light blond hair receding at the temples. His personality is friendly and energetic, and his mind seems bright and quick; yet there are some odd lacunae. For instance, he says he

doesn't like personal publicity. He even says he isn't particularly interested in having publicity about Frenchman's Cove. Also, though it stands to reason that only the rich can afford to come here, he has done nothing to cultivate any of the rich, fashionable people hereabouts. There is, for instance, Baron Heinrich von Thyssen, who has a house on the next point of land. Prince Sadruddin Khan (uncle of the present Aga) and his wife Nina, who used to be the Baroness von Thyssen, are building a house just across from it (the two houses share a view of a lovely little island the baron had given her when he married her). There are also the well-connected Smith-Binghams and who

are in random stages of incompleteness. In the midst of these construction troubles there came what is referred to hereabouts in shocked tones as "the Gaitskell incident": the unlucky day in January when Hugh Gaitskell, vacationing in Jamaica from his duties as head of the British Labor Party, stopped to look at what he had heard was "the loveliest natural beauty spot on the island" and was turned away by the gatekeepers, who in their zeal did not think of calling Weston or anyone else who could have told them who Gaitskell is. When Gaitskell related the incident in a press conference at the Governor's mansion, where he was an official guest, the whole Commonwealth was scandalized. From the seat of his empire in London, Garfield Weston issued an official expression of regret; and goodness knows what a parental blustering he called to Grainger for allowing such a gaffe to happen.

It must have been strong, though, because Grainger soon took space in the island's newspaper, *The Gleaner*, inviting all of Jamaica to an open-house day with refreshments. Unluckily again, the date he chose followed monumental rains that washed out roads and bridges and caused widespread havoc, especially in the area of Frenchman's Cove. So the turnout was small and included none of the local aristocracy, whose inclusion in such a general invitation only increased their disgruntlement.

Summarizing the effect of these various misfortunes on Weston, however, I would have to say that he seems entirely untouched. His face shines with an unearthly zeal; it is as if he were building a cathedral here, not a lavish resort. But why? What does he want? Why is he here at all instead of at the Weston Biscuit Co. in Texas?—where (as I may have forgotten to say earlier) he spent most of his earlier years developing the western U.S. division of his father's far-flung empire? Is trouble brewing in the empire? Are the Westons hoping to insure a steady income from renting out rooms while at the same time preparing a haven for themselves? Is it significant that the Great House and exactly nine regular houses are finished—and that the family consists of the senior Westons and their nine grown sons and daughters? Is this, in short, the way the cookies crumble?



Grainger, Caroline, and the three little Westons

a few others near by. Weston has simply ignored most of these people; and this, combined with the previously mentioned roadside wall which prevents them from seeing what is going on inside the grounds, and the watchmen he posted at the gate to keep out uninvited visitors, has aroused considerable indignation. One angry neighbor has threatened, "We'll show him. We'll sail over in our boats and throw eggs on his beach."

Another peculiarity of Weston's is his chronic cheerfulness in the face of discouragements. Frenchman's was scheduled to be finished last December in time for the winter resort season, but bad weather, late shipment of supplies and so forth set it so far behind that even now it still isn't: the golf buggy lanes are mere up-graded tracks, and half the houses

I have written to some friends of mine in Texas to get further information about Weston's career there. One way or another I will get the answers to these questions—and meanwhile I will get your money's worth by figuring out new ways for Frenchman's to provide me with anything I want.

ROUND HILL,
JAMAICA, B.W.I.

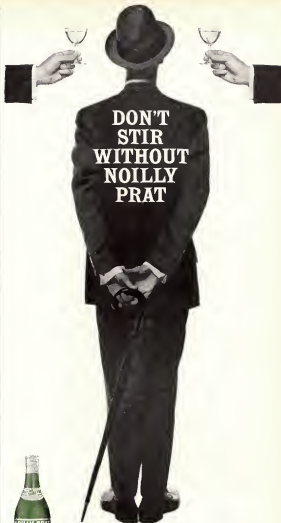
Dear Percy:

The week since I last wrote to you has been filled with adventures and surprises. First, a quick summary of our activities. We spent the weekend touring the north coast with our car and driver, one Atkinson, to inspect the other luxury hotels and to test fully the claim that Frenchman's will pay your way anywhere in Jamaica that you want to go. As for the latter point, I can repeat the words of Lincoln Steffens on his return from studying the Bolshevik experiment in 1920: "I have seen the future, and it works." Since in this case the economies of the situation are reversed, the principle is reversed also and becomes: "Need has nothing to do with it; to each according to his ability to consume." Specifically, all you do is tell Mrs. Coote where you would like to stop for meals and the night, and she wires the respective managements to charge everything to Frenchman's. In case of unpredictable expenses—if, for instance, you feel like dropping in at random at some nightclubs—you simply pay the bills, bring them back to Mrs. Coote and she reimburses you.

In this way we made our stately progress, stopping in Ocho Rios for lunch at the elaborate Arawak, dining in Montego Bay at the elegant Half Moon and bivouacking at the Royal Caribbean after sampling the drinks and atmosphere of a cross-section of other hotels in this busy area. The next morning we convalesced by the Royal Caribbean's pool, lunched at the beautiful Round Hill club, came back to Ocho Rios for cocktails at the Shaw Park and returned to Frenchman's to analyze our findings.

These were that 1) Frenchman's has the best location, facilities and service on the island, but 2) most of the people we saw at the other places would be miserable here because of the atmosphere of quiet, privacy and

continued



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decorum and 3) this would be especially true of the women, since there is no way here for a woman to arouse the full attention and envy of other women by outdressing them.

The other places have nightclubs, dance pavilions and big public dining rooms where Paris dresses can be flaunted and fur wraps trailed on the floor. Here the only available nightclub is a dingy hole in Port Antonio, which is really just a decaying old banana town; at the cove itself there is not even a public bar, merely a small lounge adjoining the dining room, and the latter is so subdued that few people so far have dressed for dinner. This leaves your own house as the only arena for ostentation. But if you invite your neighbors for cocktails or dinner, you all know that all of you have already paid for everything and can have anything you want, so it becomes impossible to impress one another by drink, food or service. This undermines the whole normal process of snobbery and makes even overdressing seem pointless—a curious corollary of the Frenchman's Cove Effect.

One does begin to have neighbors now. There are the Grainger Westons themselves, of course, living down near the entrance at Watch House with their three small children. Mrs. Weston is blonde, British and beautiful, and unaffected and charming in spite of having noble connections (she was The Honorable Caroline Montagu). Then there are Mr. and Mrs. Jones (of the London Joneses, but not the London Joneses), who own land near by and came down to see about building a house, and their guest, a White Russian woman. Also Mr. and Mrs. Al Lupton, a nice young couple from Millville, N.J., are at the Great House, but I think not for long. They were enchanted by the peace and beauty the first few days, but on hearing from us that there is social activity at the other end of the island, Mrs. Lupton said grudgingly, "That's what I wondered. I've been telling Al, 'This place is fine for a few days, but not for two weeks! What is there to do?'"

Which brings me back to my summary. We spent a day rafting on the Rio Grande, a river that begins in the mountains back of Port Antonio and spills down to the sea a few miles from the town. Another day we went deep-

sea fishing. The catch was negligible, but it was nice to have our own boat, with a crew of three, chartered just for the two of us. Another day there was skin-diving (smaller chartered boat, crew of two) among the magnificent formations and sea life of the nearby coves and shelves. There was a day of rain, which we almost welcomed for the rest it gave us; then a day on the beach to make up for sunshine we had missed.

That brings me to yesterday, and to a long interview I had with Weston. We had talked before, of course, but he knew that there were still many unsettled questions. He and his assistant, an old Harvard school friend



While rafting we stopped for a picnic; champagne, of course.

named Clifford Worthing, suggested that we go down to the beach; "It's peaceful there," said Weston brightly. "No interruptions. We can swim and talk."

We struck off from the shore together, but to my surprise and rising misgivings they kept on swimming past the cove entrance, out into the open sea. Weston having several times mentioned his dislike of personal publicity, it occurred to me that he had hit on a dire remedy to my presence at Frenchman's: he and Worthing were planning to drown me. However, as it turned out, they simply like to swim in deep water. According to them, the way to get the full physical benefit of an ocean swim is to stay out until you have just enough strength left to make it back to shore. I don't agree about that, but the possibility of cutting the margin too fine is, I learned, definitely a mental stimulus: I found myself asking questions very rapidly as we bobbed about like three corks in the ocean swells.

My first surprise was learning that

Frenchman's Cove actually is an accident; or, at the very least, an oversight. Garfield Weston, with a cooky manufacturer's keen interest in sugar, was traveling in this area several years ago looking over cane land. This cove once had been the site of an old sugar mill; it also was famous locally as a beauty spot, and so it was natural enough that a Port Antonio acquaintance should bring him here to see it. Garfield fell in love with the place and bought it at once with the idea of someday building a winter vacation home here for himself and his large family. However, he is a man with many interests (Fortnum and Mason in London, the National Tea Co. in the U.S., food chains in Canada and West Germany, Weston Biscuits all over the world), and he had almost forgotten about his new, decidedly minor, acquisition until a letter arrived demanding to know when he was going to fulfill the contract to build a hotel.

Rereading the sales documents he had hurriedly signed (Grainger went on), he was surprised to find that this was exactly what he had committed himself to do. Shrewd businessman though he is, apparently the beauties of the cove had temporarily numbed his normal faculties—a startling initial instance of the Frenchman's Cove Effect.

The rationale for the hotel, it soon became clear, was that a group of local landowners (including the previous owner of the cove) was trying to develop high-class residential building sites nearby and wanted a luxury hotel that would give prestige and publicity to the area. Lacking enough capital themselves, they had assigned this role to Garfield Weston. The contract turned out to be in good order and completely valid—in fact, there was nothing to do but go ahead. Accordingly, architects were hired, plans and scale models were created. But the results did not suit Garfield and, lacking time to worry about them himself, he ordered his eldest son, Grainger, to take charge.

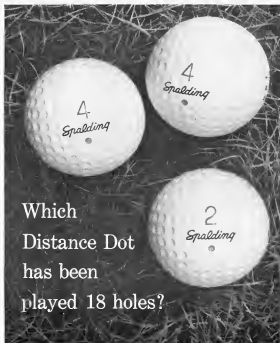
Quite possibly, this may have been a second miscalculation. As I have now learned from my friends in Texas, Grainger has more than once shown a maverick streak. Rich as he is, full of education from Harvard and Oxford, married to the beautiful Caroline Montagu, he nevertheless was informal even by Texas standards. He

was "Grainger" to everybody down to the lowliest assembly-line worker who stuck the walnuts on the chocolate marshmallow boudoirs. He knew how to fix motors, sloshed around in comfortable clothes and behaved generally like just an ordinary person. He was a hard-working businessman; but also he was interested in philosophy, religion and the arts. He gave money to Paul Baker, drama professor at Waco's Baylor University, to add to the now-famous experimental theater there a wing known to this day as the Weston Studio—although the naming of it apparently was a surprise to him. Actually, few people felt they knew him well: outgoing on the surface, he had a core of reserve and even of shyness.

Behind this appearance of mere mild nonconformity, however, as I now see, there lurked a truly eccentric spirit that was only waiting for an opening. Arriving at Frenchman's, Grainger took in the view and decided that such an extraordinary site demanded special, personal, long-range attention. Was this the Effect striking the son, as it had his father before him? In any case, he threw out the previous plans and imported a talented Texas architect named William Tammenga; and before long—as soon as the utilities were in and a few houses were built—he also imported his wife and children, with a teacher-governess. One of the finished houses is now their school. Another has been fitted out as an office, from which Grainger runs the cooky business by mail and cable. Every six weeks or so he makes a flying visit to the four factories—in Waco, San Antonio, Los Angeles and Tacoma—and, thanks to the jet age, he can spend a day and a half at each and do the round trip in a week. He plans to go on this way indefinitely, at least until the time—"maybe years from now"—when Frenchman's is operating smoothly along the ideas he has worked out for it.

In Grainger's mind Frenchman's Cove, far from being just another resort hotel, will be neither a resort nor a hotel in any usual sense but rather a kind of spiritual retreat. "After all, when you come down to it," he told me, as we floated in the rolling sea, "there's nothing so rare in this world as an original idea—and nothing the world today needs more of. But to

continued



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"I don't know anything about the hotel business," he went on, "so I have to use myself as a criterion and try to make this the kind of place I would like to come to. I never saw any hotel where the management really cares about you. Underneath the official courtesies you're still just a room number with money to spend. Here we want you to do anything you want. You don't have to do anything. But we hope that when we get enough of the right kind of people here they will sort of spontaneously interact. Perhaps you might meet someone on the beach. He's in a different kind of work than yours, but he happens to make a remark that gives you a fresh point of view about something that has come up in your work. You just might do the same for him. Maybe a useful original idea or two gets born then and there."

I asked, "Who are the 'right kind of people'?"

"Any kind," said Weston, treading water. "Just so long as they have something to contribute. Creative people. Scientists, businessmen, teachers, writers, heads of government. This should be a place that Prime Minister Macmillan would want to come to when he needs a rest. Or even better, maybe, a promising young M.P. or junior Cabinet member; Macmillan as he was 20 years ago. The men of the future. That brings up the Galtskell incident. I'm sorry he was turned away, but actually I'm not sure we'd want him as a guest. He doesn't seem very original. I'd rather have Aneurin Bevan, who started as a coal miner and climbed up by using his mind—he's a man full of ideas; he makes you think. Or take Billy Graham. I'd much rather have him than some pontificating bishop."

"But"—I gulped through the sea spray—"Billy Graham doesn't have the \$2,000."

"Tell about Billy Graham, Grainger," Worthing suggested, with a wet and peculiar smile.

"Actually, I got part of the idea from him," Weston said. "I'm a Pres-

byterian, but I happened to be at a Baptist laymen's conference in Louisville last summer, and he made a really inspired talk to us. He thrilled me. Later I learned from him that he had got those great thoughts during a day of solitude in a small, hot hotel room in the middle of downtown Louisville. I thought, 'If he could do that in those surroundings, what couldn't he do in a place like Frenchman's Cove?'"

"But the money," I burred. "He can't afford it!"

"He can afford \$5," Weston said airily from the top of a wave.

"Of course he can," Worthing put in.

"Anyway, he can afford something," said Weston. "And we'd ask him to pay it. I think it's basic human nature that people don't really appreciate something that is completely free, so we've made the rule of 'from each according to his means.' No matter how much we might want a person—no matter how much we think he could contribute to the Frenchman's Cove Idea—we believe he ought to make a little personal sacrifice. The amount is whatever he can afford. We've already invited Billy Graham on that basis; and I'm composing a letter to some university presidents asking them to nominate their best creative people. Naturally, though, on the same principle, anybody who can afford it will pay the whole \$2,000 rate."

"That's the minimum," Worthing interjected. "That's the least we'll accept."

"Correct," said Weston. "With two exceptions. If you want to manage about your own food, we'll take off \$500. And in the Great House we have hotel rates: \$85 a couple in season. But, rates aside, guests will have to be people we know or know of, by general reputation or good recommendation from someone we know. Just having enough money to come here won't count for anything, of course—it's whether the candidate might benefit from being here, or whether his being here might benefit others and contribute in that way to the Idea."

I was beginning to ship a good deal of water by now, and Weston looked at me attentively from the trough of a wave. "But that," I managed to say, "that practically means you take from the rich to give to the poor, like Robin Hood. How are you going to do it?"

And how can you make any money?"

"I'm not sure yet," he answered reflectively. "But making money isn't the main point. Look at so many of the big fortunes. Cliff Worthing here used to be an investment banker. He's made a study of what happens to foundations. Often they don't serve the ideas of the man who actually made the money. Henry Ford must be spinning in his grave about some of the projects his money is supporting. My father would certainly spin in his swivel chair now if he thought we had set this thing up not to make a profit. Actually, we're figuring on about a 5% annual return on investment. But aside from that, Frenchman's is a way to make sure that some of the Weston money works for a purpose that some of the Westons approve of."

"Are you saying," I blubbered, "that Frenchman's is really a beneficent foundation?"

"No. . . . Well, in a certain degree, yes. You might say it's a sort of a foundation to encourage originality. With myself as the permanent managing director."

"As a millionaire's son," he added, "there were a lot of things I couldn't or at least wasn't supposed to do. Also, my father believed in making his children work. The cooky business is very competitive—in fact, cutthroat. You have to worry constantly about fractions of a cent. I'm considered to be a very good businessman, but I figured there ought to be some compensating advantages in this deal, some fun connected with it. Because of the Weston millions, Frenchman's is something I can do, and for once I don't have to worry about the pennies."

"Take this big issue of segregation and discrimination, for instance. Some of the finest hotels are still restricted. We'll select our guests very carefully, but not on any basis of that kind. I don't think people should be discriminated against because of race, creed or color. Because they are stupid, dull, unoriginal, noncontributing—yes. But money shouldn't be a criterion. I don't think it's fair to restrict a person just because he doesn't have money, do you?"

"That's an original idea," I murmured through lips that were stiffening and, I presume, were turning blue.

Worthing said, "Well, I suppose we ought to be heading back."

As you see, I finally did make it to shore.

NASSAU
B.W.I.

Dear Percy:

As you can see, we have left Frenchman's Cove and are now seeking, so to speak, to decompress—that is, get over the Frenchman's Cove Effect—on another island. It is nice here, but things just aren't the same. Also, I am afraid I have some disappointing news. You may have guessed, from indications in my previous letters, that Frenchman's Cove has been quite traumatic for Patricia. Actually, I had not told you the worst: toward the end she subsided into a state of absolute contentment. She stopped wanting anything more at all. When I remonstrated with her, reminding her of the literally innumerable things she had always wanted before, she replied dreamily, "Rich or poor, it's nice to have money."

Now she has threatened to sue me for mental cruelty if I write an article about Frenchman's Cove. I have tried to tell her that I am obliged to—that *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* has invested a lot of money in the story. "Pay them back," she says. "Sell the car, sell my rings, but don't write anything. You'll only make people want to go there, and they'll spoil it. Strangers will be living at Pinnacle, and Maud will be cooking breakfast for them, and David Lawrence will be serving them. . . ." She almost broke down, and then said sharply, as if to seal the argument, "Besides, you know perfectly well that Grainger doesn't want personal publicity."

"But dear," I said, "it wouldn't be bad publicity. I like Grainger Weston. I think I even admire him."

"That doesn't make any difference," she came back. "He doesn't want it. He wanted us to have anything I want. The least I can do is for you to do what he wants. Do you realize that he's the only man who ever wanted me to have anything I want?" She shot me a look of what I can only describe as malevolence. "You never did—and here you are, not doing it again!"

So you see, I can't write the article. However, I hope that these rough dispatches I have been sending will turn out to be of some use to you. If they are, I want you to know that so far as I am concerned you should feel free to do anything you want.

Regretfully,
R.C.

END



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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by ROGER WILLIAMS

AMERICAN LEAGUE

The Chicago White Sox won four straight and opened up a 1½-game lead, longest of the season. Runo remained plentiful (.517 per game vs. 4.28 in 1939), and though Starters Billy Pierce and Bob Shaw were hit hard, the relief pitching was again superb: Gerry Staley beat the Red Sox and Yankees, flattened his ERA to 0.31. Equally effective were the Cleveland Indians' surprising relievers, Johnny Klippstein and Dick Stigman. Klippstein, a National League retread, ran his batter-reined string to 24 straight. Southpaw Stigman saved games against the Yankees and Red Sox. The Baltimore Orioles' pitchers had a wild week. They walked 35 Athletics in four games, lost two of them. But Jerry Walker pitched well for the first time all season, and Jack Fisher, Steve Barber and Gordon Jones won in relief. Barber, a Class D performer last year, celebrated his 69th season with a few new clothes: five suits, three sport coats, eight pairs of slacks, eight shirts, eight pairs of socks and 14 ties. Against Cleveland and against Chicago, the New York Yankees wilted under pressure. Ralph Terry pitched well and Bob Cerv (retrieved from the A's) hit hard. But Ryne Duren, John Gabriel and Bobby Shantz were woeful in relief, and the team frittered away both early leads and late opportunities. The Detroit Tigers won a couple and found themselves in fifth place. "We'll just have to wait for Al Kaline and Rocky Colavito to start hitting," said Manager Dykes. It looked like a long wait. Kaline went 5 for 22, Colavito was benched, and the team batting average stayed near .206. The pain

of the Boston Red Sox' nine-game losing streak was softened by the return of Ted Williams. Starting for the first time in over a month, Williams played a full game, got two singles in three at bats. Good pitching lifted the Kansas City Athletics out of the cellar. Lanky Dick Hall won his fourth without loss and began to look like the major leagues' best control pitcher; in 40 innings he has issued only 4 walks. Trade talk grew louder around the Washington Senators. Biggest names dropped were those of Claudio Pineda and Pedro Ramos. Tough-luck Ramos (record 0-5 until he won on Sunday) wasted few words: "Me no good here. Maybe me do better with new team—like the Yankees." Replied Owner Cal Griffith: "The Yankees have no chance of getting either or both."

Standings: Chi 18-12, Wash 13-13, Cleve 12-13, NY 14-12, Det 13-14, Wash 12-16, KC 12-18, Sea 10-18

RUNS PRODUCED

	Runs Scored	Team Total	Total Runs Produced
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Minnesota (20)	23	38	41
Marine NY (20)	27	9	36
Marine NY (20)	27	17	34
Fox Chi (24)	19	25	34
Albino Wash (24)	18	15	33
Swish Chi (24)	14	17	31
Wooding Det (22)	27	11	32
Brandt Balt (20)	22	11	33
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Clemente Phi (17)	26	28	52
Shawnee Phi (24)	31	17	48
Peyton, Cal (20)	25	15	40
McGregor, SF (20)	20	20	40
Boys SF (20)	25	13	38

*Derived by subtracting RBIs from RBs

NATIONAL LEAGUE

The Pittsburgh Pirates (see page 60) and the San Francisco Giants came head to head, and the Giants staggered away, confused and still in second place. Hounded by injuries and illness (including a bleeding ulcer for Jim Davenport), Manager Rigney rummaged around his bench; Joe Amalfitano went to third, Andre Rodgers to first, slump-ridden Don Blasingame back to second. They responded well enough, but the team could not cope with the Pirates' late-inning lightning. The Milwaukee Braves made little headway. Chief problem was the weather (nine postponements already), which made a shambles of the pitching rotation, severely tested the hitters' timing and assured a fatiguing succession of double-



ROBUST HITTERS Ted Kluszewski (.569) and Roberto Clemente (.414) led White Sox and Pirates up into first place again.

headers in days to come. The Cincinnati Reds made it 13 wins in 16 games, even poked into third place. But their best pitchers couldn't keep them there: Jim O'Toole and Bob Purkey failed in starts, and reliever Bill Henry was racked up. Manager Hutchinson had his Reds running—they stole five bases to overtake the Giants for the major league lead. Solly Hemus and his road-weary St. Louis Cardinals came home to a storm of controversy. Some critics urged the hiring of Leo Durocher. Others charged Hemus and the Cardinals with "humiliating" Stan Musial by shoving him in and out of the lineup. Solly stayed two jumps ahead of the hangers on by beating the Reds three straight, climbing to fifth. Like all slumping teams, the Los Angeles Dodgers lost the tough ones. The Reds beat them once in the 12th, once in the ninth. But Frank Howard began to gather steam. He hit a grand-slam homer, a triple and a bundle of singles; better yet, he showed an awareness of the strike zone. The Chicago Cubs put men in scoring position, but they couldn't get them home. One exception was Ernie Banks, who drove in four runs, edged toward his rightful place as league leader. The Philadelphia Phillies kept losing more than they won, but the peppy play of Tony Taylor and the hitting of the kid outfielders had the fans thinking big. "This is some club," exclaimed a cab driver. "Hell, we could go all the way!"

Standings: Phi 23-11, SF 15-12, ML 21-11, Cle 18-12, SL 14-15, LA 14-15, Chi 10-17, Pitt 12-21

TEAM LEADERS: BATTING

AMERICAN LEAGUE					
Chi Kluszewski	363	Rhodes	324	Smith	324
Chi Fernald	318	Powers	311	Kalene	310
Balt Harper	317	Wooding	312	Landis	286
NY Mays	305	Stewart	304	Kalene	316
Det Oak	245	Doolley	250	Root	237
Det Fernald	256	Wolf	315	Baddis	219
KC Lammie	300	Seibert	305	Chi	284
Wash Albino	240	Gardner	272	Reid	263
NATIONAL LEAGUE					
Phi Clemente	329	Burgess	307	Skinner	301
SF Mays	295	Oberpratt	299	Schmidt	278
ML Adcock	291	Aaron	325	Mathews	269
Chi Baker	332	Robinson	311	Kalene	307
SL Cunningham	316	White	316	Sweeney	312
LA Rhoads	275	Neal	265	Witt	254
Chi Mays	323	Albano	378	Boush	262
Phi Curry	359	Caldwell	300	Taylor	278

TEAM LEADERS: PITCHING (ERA)

AMERICAN LEAGUE					
Chi Staley	0.67	Leach	2.35	Finney	2.69
Cle Hall	1.68	Shawne	2.12	Perry	2.69
Balt Barber	1.80	Stewart	1.93	Porter	2.90
NY Terry	3.03	Feld	3.33	Brown	3.48
Det Oak	2.21	Banning	2.74	Moss	3.88
Det MacGregor	3.05	Casale	4.00	Brewer	5.00
KC Hall	1.58	Staley	2.61	Johnson	2.86
Wash Pineda	1.37	Ramos	3.13	Clemens	4.00
NATIONAL LEAGUE					
Phi Low	2.20	Fried	2.35	Mathews	4.90
SF McGowan	1.68	O'Brien	1.94	Anderson	1.90
ML Boudreau	2.94	Wiley	3.34	Spahn	3.94
Chi Pashley	2.39	O'Toole	3.22	Musial	3.80
SL Broughton	2.77	Johnson	3.22	Musial	4.33
LA Walters	2.45	Byrd	2.45	Podres	2.75
Chi Carden	3.14	Johnson	4.05	Diener	4.12
Phi Fernald	2.00	Grove	3.09	Meyer	3.24

Based statistics through Saturday, May 22



NEW BRITISH TRIUMPH: The car that almost never needs greasing!

It's the TRIUMPH Herald—3 full engineering years ahead of all other economy cars—domestic or imported. Researched and tested the world over to meet world-wide driving needs. Worth seeing and driving before you buy any car.

Only 4 parts of the TRIUMPH/Herald ever need grease: the trunnions and water pump once every 6,000 miles, the steering box and wheel bearings once every 12,000 miles. (That's about once a year, if you drive as much as most people.)

This is just one of the TRIUMPH/Herald's many innovations. It is a result of a TRIUMPH factory team's two year survey in 87 countries of world-wide driving needs...for the present and future. Here are some more startling advances that put the TRIUMPH/Herald 3 full engineering years ahead...

4-wheel independent suspension plus a torsion bar

Whatever the road surface, the TRIUMPH/Herald stays absolutely level, thanks to its 4-wheel independent suspension stabilized by a torsion bar. It is all but impossible to make the TRIUMPH pitch, roll or turn over.

The TRIUMPH is incredibly agile. It turns around in only 25 feet...parks with only 18 inches leeway. Another sure sign of TRIUMPH's advanced engineering is its quiet ride—despite its surprising power. The Sedan cruises all day at 65...goes over 70 with ease. The Sports Coupe and Convertible are the only economy cars with dual carburetion and they go over 80 m.p.h....give up to 40 m.p.g.

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The TRIUMPH/Herald sets a new standard for safety. It has 93% visibility...over-sized brakes...a steering column that telescopes in case of emergency...

solid Sheffield steel body...three layers of bumper up front and many other built-in safety features. As soon as the TRIUMPH/Herald was introduced, a major British insurance firm lowered its rates 12½% below the standard charge.

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Unlike cars built as one mass, the new TRIUMPH/Herald can be repaired quickly and cheaply. For the TRIUMPH people have built the body a new and better way—with 7 major sections. Now a damaged section can be removed, restored, and replaced in no time flat.

While it is rarely necessary, the TRIUMPH/Herald is remarkably easy to service. 700 dealers in all 50 states carry a complete inventory of parts and give service.

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The TRIUMPH/Herald is literally "streamlined"—with only 10 curves in the entire design. It was styled by the young Italian genius, Michelotti.

Driver comfort in the new TRIUMPH is unequalled among economy cars. The

seats, foam rubber down to the webbing, adjust to 72 different positions. Even the steering wheel is adjustable.

The TRIUMPH/Herald is lavish with space...more hip room than in most economy cars...more head room than in the largest American car. All three models have 13 cubic feet of clear trunk area—uncollected by a spare tire. The luggage capacity of the Sedan is more than doubled by simply folding down the rear seat.

\$300 saving included in the list price

Each TRIUMPH/Herald costs several hundred dollars less than the average American car. Yet the list price includes the heater-defroster, molded "wall-to-wall" carpeting, foam rubber seats, washable vinyl upholstery, windshield washers, directional signals, twin sun visors, folding rear seat (Sedan)...everything but a radio and white wall tires. All these items, a \$100 value, are extras on other cars. But they are standard equipment on the TRIUMPH/Herald because they are considered "musts" for safe, comfortable driving.

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19TH HOLE The readers take over

THE SCORE IN BLOOMINGTON

Sirs:

I would like to compliment you on the editorial about the recruiting of athletes at Indiana University (*The Right Time for Courage*, May 16). I thoroughly agree that to make an example of one university because it does in the open what everyone else is permitted to do in the shadows is a great injustice to the school and also to the students who are punished by unfair and out-of-date NCAA rules.

E. J. SKINNER

Millford, Va.

Sirs:

If there is something detrimental or sensational to be said about a school, you have a great deal of space for comments (*What's So Funny?*, May 16), but if it is some athletic triumph, a score seems to suffice. The high favor your magazine once held among many Indiana University readers has fallen drastically and no doubt will never return to its old level.

GENE STERN

Bloomington, Ind.

ON TO THE SUMMIT

Sirs:

We are the first to say that the Chicago Cubs have often made some crazy deals. All you have to do is to look a bit around the majors and see the former Cub players now starring for various clubs. Recently visible from the headlines are Sam Jones, Don Hoak, Jim Breenan, Bob Rush, Smokey Burgess, Duke Long, Turk Lown, Johnny Klippstein, Hobie Landrith, Bill Henry. The Cubs, of course, have gotten little return value in comparison to these talents.

However, the Cubs, at last, have made a corking trade (BARKER'S WEEK, May 23) by obtaining Don Cardwell and Ed Bouchee. And Cardwell is a big (5-foot 4-inch), young pitcher with a beautiful fast ball; Bouchee is a left-hander who hits the ball a country mile. Luckily, the Cubs have a guy like Lou Boudreau, who is just the manager to lead them to the summit, to make the Cubs baseball's 1960 surprise.

JOHN B. DORNELLON

Cruzers, N.Y.

● There's been trouble at the summit lately. —ED.

BIG LUMP FOR A SMALL CONTINENT

Sirs:

Herbert Warren Wind (*Visit to a Small Continent*, May 16, 23) can take credit for stirring up the only genuine, lump-in-the-throat attack of homesickness I have suffered since leaving Melbourne just over 20 years ago.

A former dinkum Aussie can perhaps be forgiven a glow of pride and a continuing tendency to root for Australia in the Da-

vis Cup. And perhaps my sports-minded sons will come to attribute at least a small portion of their prowess on the baseball diamond and football field to their maternal forebears.

ELAINE STEWART

Los Angeles

HISTORY LIVES AT GARDEN STATE

Sirs:

We have just read with deep concern your editorial *No Time for Horses?* (May 16).

By act of Congress a Civil War Centennial Commission has been created comprising 26 prominent citizens throughout the United States. In conjunction with the national and New Jersey commissions we have entered into this centennial celebration, since the Jersey Derby which we are reviving on Memorial Day was first run in Paterson, N.J. in 1864 and played an important part in the happenings of that year. In carrying out this program we are conducting on Sunday, May 29, as a civil enterprise, a free program which is being enthusiastically supported by all of the participants, including the above-mentioned commissions. As a further part of our participation in this centennial anniversary we are conducting on the morning of May 30, the day of our race, a 20-minute authentic re-enactment of a Civil War battle or skirmish participated in by two groups who are dedicated to the survival of the events of the Civil War period as a contribution to a living history of this vital period in the affairs of our nation.

It has always been our policy to find ways and means whereby the facilities of our racing plant might be made available for affairs in the public interest.

WALTER H. DONOVAN
General manager

Garden State Racing Association
Camden, N.J.

● Congratulations to Garden State for reviving the Jersey Derby and for separating the centennial program from race-day afternoon. —ED.

BONNIE IS BACK

Sirs:

Good to see Bonnie Prudden back (*Fitness from the Cradle*, May 2). Thank you for such an excellent article on "diaper gymnastics." It's most timely as far as our family is concerned—we have a new 5-week-old baby boy, and he does all Bonnie's recommended exercises.

Mrs. C. B. FISHER

White Plains, N.Y.

Sirs:

Bonnie Prudden's simple exercises for babies would perhaps do away with a lot of

continued

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CHRONIC ATHLETE'S FOOT?

Try the New Remedy Selected for Use by the United States Olympic Team!

The most common foot ailment among men and women today is that type of ringworm known colloquially as "athlete's foot." It is as annoying as it is common—and so persistent that many find it difficult to get rid of or control.

Now, after years of research, science has developed a new way to treat this infection. It has proven so successful it was written up in the Archives of Dermatology (Vol. No. 77). Recently it was selected for use by the U.S. Olympic Team. The secret of this remarkable new treatment is a unique, painless type of iodine*—world's greatest antiseptic—that kills all kinds of germs and fungi, but doesn't burn or sting tissue—is actually so safe it can be used on even the most tender skin.

Specifically designed to treat athlete's foot infection, this painless form of iodine has been prepared in (1) liquid form to kill infecting organisms by contact, and (2) in spray-powder form to guard against re-infection from socks

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Use Iodine Athlete's Foot Treatment as directed with this remarkable guarantee: you must get rid of chronic athlete's foot suffering and you must prevent its return—or we will gladly give you double your money back. Get new Iodine Athlete's Foot Treatment at your drugstore today—no prescription needed.

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19TH HOLE continued

of needless worries later concerning round shoulders, pigeon toes or bowlegs.

MRS. BARBARA McLAUGHLIN
Scarsdale, N.Y.

Sirs:

Never have I read a poster chime in regard to emphasizing National Youth Fitness Week.

JAMES PRESTON LATTON II

The Hill School
Pottstown, Pa.

Sirs:

Our son Glenn, who is now 8½ years old, as a baby resembled quite a bit the two-month-old youngster whom you pictured going through his calisthenics with Bonnie Prudden. We got a kick out of this and just thought you might too.

MRS. MILES REBEN

Levittown, N.Y.



● Immediately above is Glenn Reben; above him, René John Pouteau, Bonnie Prudden's new pupil. At right is Glenn today. His physical education has been that of the average U.S. youngster, without the special training that lies ahead for René John Pouteau under Bonnie Prudden's program.—ED.



TRUMP

Sirs:

While I could hardly expect my good friend Charles Goren to keep track of all local televised bridge programs, I must challenge his statement, "There have been many trees in the past to broadcast bridge, and all have failed" (*Goodbye to Kid Goren*, May 9).

I am moderator of a weekly half-hour televised bridge program titled *What's the Bid?* seen on KTLA, Los Angeles. This program started the first week of January 1968 and is still going strong.

ROBERT LEE JOHNSON

Los Angeles

Four Men...



Four men make LIFE vital reading this week. A resolute Eisenhower, an insolent Khrushchev: in pages of memorable photographs, LIFE brings into focus the Summit, its aftermath, a hero's welcome home for Ike. A persuasive Stevenson, an optimistic MacLeish: in articles by these distinguished Americans, LIFE opens its great, continuing discussion of the National Purpose of the United States.

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Pat on the Back



ELLIE CHANCE

'A nice girl, but ...'

"I wish," says Ellie Chance of Philadelphia, "that the boys would accept me as a sailor first and a girl second." Ellie, who began skippering at 11, has been trying to teach the boys to accept her that way for the better part of her life. "You might say she was born in a floating cradle," says her sailor father, Dr. Britton Chance, who was a 1952 Olympic gold medalist in 5.5-meter sloop racing. Today Ellie (seen here with Teammate John Rusk) is commodore of the Univer-

sity of Pennsylvania Yacht Club. Moreover, she is the only girl sailor in the Middle Atlantic Intercollegiate Sailing Association (Penn, Drexel, Haverford, Princeton, Swarthmore and St. Joseph's).

Ellie suspects some men in the association still regard her presence with mixed feelings. But one whose ambivalence ought to suit her just fine is the Penn club's faculty adviser. Says Dr. Charles Price: "Ellie is a nice girl, yes, but she's a very good sailor."

JOE'S BAD DREAM

It started when a 15-year-old boy went to the mound to face the pennant-bound Cardinals

by ROGER WILLIAMS

IT was a pleasant June afternoon in 1944, but Cincinnati was having a distinctly unpleasant time. The Reds, only 4½ games out of first place, were being trampled by the St. Louis Cardinals. At the end of eight innings, the Reds had no runs, while the Cards had scored 13. In from the bullpen, to open the ninth inning, came Cincinnati's fourth pitcher of the day—tall, strapping Joseph Henry Nuxhall.

While the fans searched their scorecards, Joe Nuxhall went to work—in a manner of speaking. Before the inning ended, St. Louis had scored five more runs on two hits, five walks and a wild pitch. Another pitcher was summoned, and Joe Nuxhall, aged 15, a farm boy who had just completed the ninth grade, stumbled back to the dugout.

By the book, it was hardly an impressive debut: two-thirds of an inning, five runs, earned run average 45.00. But Joe Nuxhall—walks, wild pitch and all—had entered baseball's hallowed records: he had become the youngest pitcher ever to appear in a major league game.

"If I'd got my third out," says Nuxhall, "I might be a 15-year man now." As it was, he was sent down to Birmingham where, after getting the necessary working papers, he surpassed his Cincinnati performance by yielding five walks and six runs in one inning. He topped it off by flinging his glove into the stands.

Now an eight-year major leaguer and twice an All-Star selection, Joe Nuxhall recalls that June day in Cincinnati with amusement and disbelief.

continued

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JOE'S BAD DREAM *continued*

It was wartime, and ball clubs were hard pressed to find young talent. In the summer of 1943, the Reds held a tryout for local boys at Crosley Field. Several youngsters from Joe's sandlot team, all 16 or 17, went to the tryout and he tagged along. Nuxhall caught everyone's eye. "I had terrific control that day," he says. "The catcher just stuck up his glove and I hit it. Nobody could have been more surprised than I was. Mr. McKechnie [Bill McKechnie, the Cincinnati manager] and his coaches stood around watching me. My fast ball kept going right on target so I threw a couple of knucklers. 'Son,' said Mr. McKechnie, 'cut that stuff out. Stick with the fast ball.'"

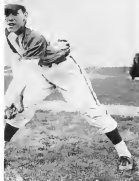
The Reds wanted him to sign right away. But young Joe Nuxhall wasn't ready to be tied down. He wanted to pitch for his high school team the following season. The club, however, did take him on a road trip to St. Louis that summer and gave him \$5 pocket money. "And what'd I do with it?" Joe recalls. "I went to a penny arcade and spent the whole five bucks swinging at pitches from Iron Mike."

When the 1944 Hamilton high school baseball season ended, Joseph Henry Nuxhall was ready to sign a Cincinnati contract. "What an occasion that was," he recalls. "I had a crazy patchwork uniform on. And since I didn't have any baseball spikes, I wore my dress shoes. They gave me a \$500 bonus and a major league contract and, by golly, I was a big league ballplayer."

Joe began working out with the Reds when they were playing at home. "No one worked with me too much. I'd go to the field on Saturday and pitch a little batting practice. My control was terrible and sometimes I'd be lucky to get one out of 10 over the plate. After batting practice, I'd sit on the bench and watch the game. I must have been a sight, too. I had dug up an old pair of baseball shoes that turned up so much at the toe that the front spike never touched the ground. And I used a beat-up Johnny Vander Meer glove. I had to take it off real gently, like a girl pulling off a kid glove, or all the stuffing would come out."

On the day of his unexpected debut—Saturday, June 10, 1944—Joe sat in the dugout, stunned silent by the

beating being administered to his heroes by the pennant-bound Cardinals. "This was the fifth or sixth big league game I'd ever seen, and I was just sitting there like a spectator. All of a sudden Mr. McKechnie said, 'Joe, warm up.' I had no idea he meant me until he motioned me to the bullpen. I grabbed my glove and started out of the dugout—and tripped on the top step. I fell flat on my face. Everybody roared, I guess. I didn't hear a thing. "Al Lakeman warmed me up in the bullpen and I sent him up the terrace three or four times chasing my wild



BABY-FACED Joe Nuxhall warms up in high school uniform before joining Reds.

itches. I was shaking like an airplane engine on a palm tree.

"We went down without scoring in the eighth and I walked out to pitch the last inning. I don't remember about the warmup pitches—I must have been floating on a cloud. Joe Just, the catcher, didn't use any signs, because all I could throw was a fast ball.

"Somehow I got the first guy out, and I got the third man too. I don't recall who they were, but somebody grounded to Eddie Miller and somebody else popped one up." The somebodies were Second Baseman George Fiallon, who grounded to Shortstop Miller, and Center Fielder Augie Bergame, who popped out. Between the

continued



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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED May 10, 1960 E7

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Thoroughbred Race Meeting
May 28 through July 30

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SAT. JULY 23—THE NEW CASTLE Est. Gross \$40,000
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JOE'S BAD DREAM continues

outs, Nuxhall walked Pitcher Mort Cooper and sent him lumbaring to second when he threw a wild pitch to Beegamo. Then he went to a 3-2 count on Debs Garms, the third baseman, and walked him, putting men on first and second with two outs.

"Just about then," he now remembers, "I started to realize where I was. I came down off that cloud fast and started shaking all over again. Golly, a couple of days before I'd been pitching to 13-year-olds!"

The next Cardinal batter was not a 13-year-old. He was Stan Musial and he had won the batting championship the year before. "I doubt if Musial remembers it," says Nuxhall, "but I can just imagine what he was thinking: 'O.K., get that damned thing over the plate so I can get outta here.' He must have been real anxious to go, the way he hit me. I can still see that ball zooming by. He really shillelaghed it."

HIGH-FLYING FAST BALLS

With two men on base and Cooper home with the 14th Cardinal run, Nuxhall blew sky high. "My pitches started going all over the place. They knew I was throwing nothing but fast balls, but nobody was ready to stand in there. They didn't know where the ball was going and neither did I."

Nuxhall walked First Baseman Ray Sanders, filling the bases. Joe Just trotted out to the mound to settle down his pitcher. "Boy, that was as useless as anything. I didn't even hear what he was saying." Nuxhall walked Walker Cooper, the catcher, forcing in Garms. He walked Left Fielder Danny Litwhiler, forcing in Musial. The score was now 16-0. Pinch Hitter Emil Verban found a pitch he could reach and singled to left field. Two runs scored and Nuxhall came out.

"I was really shell shocked," he recalls. "Kind of numb. Nobody in the dugout said anything, but Mr. McKechnie came over to me, slapped me on the back and said 'Nice going, son.' After the game I was called up to see Mr. Giles [Warren Giles, then the Cincinnati general manager]. He was very nice to me. 'Go down and get some experience, son,' he said, and the next thing I knew I was on a train for Birmingham."

END



A—Meteor-on-the-Sea Jacket—Quilted cotton on the outside, terry cloth inside. \$16.95. Meteor Caribe Trim Trunks. \$5.95.
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